

## Preface

This is a book that I never ever thought I would want to write. The stigma and shame that goes along with being accused of a crime like this one was enough to shut me up for years, but it is exactly that shame that keeps people like you and me from speaking up. It takes a lot of courage to speak up about something so horrible that it can ruin a whole family's reputation, but it is precisely that shame that humbles us and develops the character that is needed to speak up about a wrong that has happened to someone you dearly love.

This is a story about an event that happened to me and my son around four and a half years ago. This one event completely devastated us for quite awhile, and it almost ruined my son's life, but what is remarkable is about how we have sought to heal those wounds and how we have gained the courage to fight back against all odds to get my son's story out into the public eye. It has not only become a fight to overturn my son's conviction, but it has become a fight against an unjust judicial system in order to prevent this from happening to anyone else. The only way that I know to prevent this from happening to others and to help my son get his conviction overturned is to tell his story.

I have been inspired by people like Ryan Furgeson who currently has a show on MTV called *Unlocking the Truth*, which seeks to investigate and tell the story of people who have been falsely accused and convicted for murder. Mr. Furgeson himself was falsely convicted for around 10 years in prison for murder and was finally released two years ago after the witnesses recanted their statements. Now he is speaking up for other people who have been wrongfully convicted of murder by telling their story on his show and doing investigations with a lawyer to show the holes within the police investigations that led up to the convictions. His show is revealing a judicial system that isn't properly investigating criminal acts and is very deeply flawed. Watching his show has led me to the conclusion that Brian's story is something that we need to bring out into the light. This show has beckoned me to unlock the truth about what has happened to my son.

My autistic son falsely confessed to a crime that he did not commit, and as a result he was arrested and forced to live in prison for months as he prepared for a trial to

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prove his innocence. He was later convicted due in part to a lazy public defender who acted more like a prosecutor than a defense attorney, and all because he had no defense prepared for my son by the date of the hearing. So, this court appointed attorney begged Brian's grandparents and mother to convince Brian to take a plea agreement under the threat that he would get 20 years in prison if my son did not accept this plea.

This book tells the story of how my son was running an alternative news website successfully for three years until he became the victim of a setup attempt that landed him in jail and convicted him as a felon for a crime that he did not commit. As a result, he was forced to shut down his website and to cease writing articles and interviewing people for his YouTube channel.

Brian now currently fights to try to find a way to overturn his conviction and to make people aware of what all he has gone through. He says that he wants people to understand that "if this can happen to him, then it can happen to anybody."

The following pages tell his story from the moment of the police raid to his false conviction and about his current time spent on probation. His case is even more suspect due to the fact that he was ruffling the tail feathers of some very powerful political leaders with his very informative articles and YouTube videos. His case should also be of interests due to his condition of autism not being considered when the town police questioned him, which played a big part in why my son made a false confession. There need to be changes made to the way police detectives question people with autism. It is a well known fact among psychologists that people with an Autism Spectrum Disorder are in danger of giving false confessions. All police officers should therefore be trained how to question people with autism. I believe there should be some kind of legal autism advocate available to help them understand the questioning by law enforcement agencies. The increase in autism that is occurring at this time could lead to more autistic people being convicted of crimes they did not commit if something is not done now. Something has to change, so I am speaking out about this biased and unjust judicial system towards the poor and towards people with disabilities and mental illnesses.

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We can only reveal what is inside of the darkness with the light, and we can only fight corruption and deceit when it is exposed by the light of truth. My book seeks to expose the cracks in the judicial system as well as to reveal to Americans that we are not given justice: therefore, justice is purchased at a price. Justice is not free, and when it appears to be free, then you should know you won't be free either because you will be going to jail. Most middle class and poor families can't afford justice, and that is a tragedy in our nation. If you can't afford to buy justice, then you have no justice. It's that simple! We are told that if we can't afford a lawyer, that one will be appointed to us. What we aren't told is that essentially that lawyer is working for the same government that wants to put you in jail, and so most often you will have a lawyer who works more like a prosecutor than a defendant in your case. In most cases the public defender or public pretender will offer you a plea agreement with a threat under absolute fear that will lead you, as the defendant, to take that plea when it is offered to you. This is a judicial system that rewards the rich while punishing the poor. This is not true justice! Only God has the true justice.

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### The Police Raid

It was the kind of day that you hope to never have. The kind of day that reminds you that nightmares aren't just dreams that happen in the middle of the night while we are sleeping, but that they can sometimes come during the light of day while we are awake. Those are the worst kinds of nightmares that any of us can have because with these nightmares, you can't wake up.

The day had actually been going quite pleasant because my parents were at our house visiting us. We went off to run some errands, and then we went to Wendy's to get some lunch and brought it back to our house to eat. We were having a nice conversation and just enjoying our visit together when all of a sudden we heard a loud knock at the door. Our lives were about to change significantly and in that period of the calm before the storm, I had such a very enjoyable morning. No one ever realizes that in just a split second our lives can change for the better or the worse, and all it takes is just one very short experience to facilitate a massive change in the way we live the rest of our lives. That was about to happen to us, but we didn't have a clue that it would all start with that knock at the door.

As I opened the door I was shocked by what was waiting on the other side, and my heart began to pound rapidly. Standing before my eyes were a group of police officers standing on my porch and looking intently at me. My jaw dropped to the floor as I slowly opened the door. The police officer at the door declared that he had a search warrant which stated that they were to seize our computers or any related paraphernalia and other items from our home. I was in a state of complete non-belief when he told us what they were searching for, and I remember how everything just switched off inside of me as I felt the blood drain from my face. I thought, "Could I have heard him wrong?" "He didn't just actually say what I thought I heard him say!" I tried to process the information that he gave us, but it was as if I could hardly think rationally anymore. The words kept popping into my mind like an awful and uncontrollable thought that took complete control of me. It began to seem like I was having a horrible dream of some sort, and so I wished that I could just wake up from this nightmare. If only it was that simple! I became nervous and my pulse raced as my breathing began to feel highly labored. I looked

at my son, Brian and my parents in disbelief, and they returned the same look back to me like a mirror reflecting the ugliness of the situation. I don't remember all that the officer said after his initial declaration upon entering my home, as my ability to process anything further he said was disabled by my inactive brain. It all seemed like I was trapped in a fog trying to perceive what was going on right in front of my eyes.

He told us that the State Bureau of Investigations (SBI) had tracked someone downloading illegal files to our IP address, and that they were sent there to get our computers to assist the SBI. It was quite shocking to hear those words, and I struggled to make sense of what was going on.

The next thing I remember him saying is that we would have to go outside while they searched our home. We were not even allowed to finish eating our food, and so we had to leave our meal in the house. He then said that they would have to search us before letting us out of our home. Brian walked slowly towards the door, and a police officer patted him down in an attempt to look for weapons. It might have been quite amusing to ponder had I not been in a state of shock as I have never owned a gun in my life and neither had my son, but now we were being treated as if we were dangerous gun toting villains who were hiding from the law. I remember thinking about how odd it was that the police officers only searched my son as they let my parents and me walk freely through the door without a pat down search. It seemed as though they were targeting Brian from the actions that they took in only searching him, and that was an obvious clue to what was going on as Brian had been operating an alternative news website in which he wrote very provocative articles about corruption in our government.

The next thing that I remember is that Brian and the police chief started arguing back and forth, and my son declared that he was innocent and that he had some kind of virus that was attempting to put files on his computer. In fact, just shortly before the police had arrived at our home, my son was working feverishly trying to battle a computer problem that he had. It now seemed quite suspicious considering the kind of evidence that they were looking for on our computers that day. I can specifically remember that my mom even spoke up to the police chief to tell him that this looked like a set up to her.

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Before I continue the story of the police raid, I must tell you of the events that had happened a few months prior to this day. Brian had worked quite hard on getting together signatures for a petition to nullify the National Defense Authorization Act (NDAA), which is a bill that was signed by President Barack Obama on December 31, 2011 to detain anyone who is suspected of being a terrorist indefinitely without a right to a trial. I drove him all over our county, so that he could get signatures from a lot of people who felt the same about this law. I was so proud of how hard my son worked to get the signatures and admired his social skills in approaching complete strangers to ask them if they would like to sign his petition. It was most remarkable considering the fact that my son was diagnosed with mild autism when he was four years old. I'm quite sure that not one of those people whom he approached would have ever realized that Brian was autistic; after all, many people's perceptions about autism are that they do not speak and that they are trapped into a world of their own. Although Brian started out that way when he was younger, he was very much attuned to the world as an adult and when he talked to people about signing his petition. He has told me since that time that it was hard to do, but he made himself do it because it needed to be done. After he got many signatures, he presented the petition to the state Senator pro tempore, who was sitting on the board of the town council as the town lawyer at that time. The state Senator accepted it willingly, but when my son asked if we could get a photo of him presenting the petition, he vehemently said "No" and with a very stern look. At that moment I looked into his eyes, and I didn't like what I saw. Have you ever looked into someone's eyes to see darkness staring back? That is what it felt like, and I will never forget the darkness and unemotional look that he gave to my son. This happened about 3 months prior to the police raid.

A few weeks later we attended the Bilderberg protest in Chantilly, VA because Brian wanted to interview people and write articles about the protests on his website. I was extremely nervous about being there, but I wanted to support my son in what he was doing with his alternative news website. I was very proud of the work he was doing with writing articles, working on his website and interviewing people for his YouTube channel. I can remember that there were police there who were taking video of the protestors, and although I can't say for sure why they were taking video of us, I would assume that it was for the purpose of identifying who was there taking part in the protest. Even though I was not

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there to actively protest, and Brian was there to interview people for his website, I know that we were being videotaped just like everyone else, and this made me feel uneasy. He also got to meet with many other alternative media activists, and one of them was Alex Jones who ran the popular Prison Planet website and is a famous radio show host and documentary maker. Brian interviewed many people while attending this protest, and he wrote many articles as well. We attended this protest about three months prior to the police raid.

Brian attempted to get records under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) regarding political profiling documents that specified what groups are being monitored by our government. He received a reply on July 25, 2012, which was about a month prior to the police raid at our home. On August 18, 2012, there was an article on Alex Jones's *Infowars* website that told about how Brian was able to get a FOIA report showing that Homeland Security was watching Alex Jones. This article came out 10 days before the police raid on our home.

Brian wanted to attend another town council meeting, and he wanted me to go with him. I had a really bad feeling about this meeting and I didn't know why at that time, so unfortunately I refused to go with him. I just felt such an overwhelming feeling of darkness about this meeting, and so I couldn't shake that persistent intuitive feeling I had inside of me that made me feel like I shouldn't go. I tried to warn Brian that he shouldn't go to this meeting, but he refused to listen to me and went anyway. It's odd because my mom also had the same feeling as I did. None of us went with him to that meeting, and my son was all alone. The town meeting was only about three blocks from our home, and so he walked down there by himself. At one point, I began to worry about him and walked down to check on him. He was waiting for the meeting to begin, and so I decided to go back home because he seemed okay. I did notice that the police chief was staring at me from another room, and I thought it was very strange behavior. It made me feel really uncomfortable, and so I was anxious to leave. I did again try to persuade Brian to come back home with me, but he would not.

My feeling was completely right because Brian was kicked out of this town council meeting for asking a question to the state Senator. The question was simple and straightforward. He asked why the Senator had not taken any kind of action on the petition to nullify the NDAA for the town. The state Senator told my son that he



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was not going to answer his question. Then the police chief quickly took a hold of his arm and escorted him forcibly out of the meeting room, as the chief of police informed him that this was a closed meeting and that he could not ask any questions at this time. Brian got a little bit of this on his video camera and later posted it on his YouTube channel to show his followers what had happened to him for just asking a simple question.

Now it was around a month later, and the very same police chief who escorted Brian out of the town council meeting was now badgering him and arguing with him on our front porch while the police raided our home for hours and were actively searching through everything that we owned. It seemed really obvious to us at the time that there was some kind of set up going on. The timing was just too coincidental! I can remember that he kept telling my son to “fess up” and that “someone living in the home downloaded these illegal files and that it had to be either him or his mother and that he didn’t think it was his mother.” He was completely badgering him and pressuring him to confess to a crime that he never committed. Like I said my brain was in a complete fog from the pure shock of this experience, but I can still remember how he kept telling Brian to “fess up” like it had just happened today. I can never forget it as those words still echo through my mind like some horrible memory that I wish I could erase permanently from my brain along with the police raid.

We stood out in the heat on the porch for quite awhile under the watchful eye of a police officer and with nowhere to sit. After awhile we began to tire of standing and needed to find somewhere to rest, so we went around the side of the house to sit on some concrete stairs. I can remember that we talked for most of that time, but I can’t tell you what all we said. We were just in a complete state of shock as the events unfolded, and we were attempting to make sense of what was going on and why. We did not feel comfortable to say too much of what we were feeling due to the fact that a police officer was watching us the entire time, and we did not want to say anything too personal that he could hear and report back to the police chief. We knew that it was some kind of a set up, but this was not the time to hash everything out where we could be heard.

There were a few times that they called my son inside to ask him some questions, and the first time they did so I yelled out to them that Brian is autistic and diabetic.

A young policeman went inside to tell them what I had said. I didn't even know if they knew what autism is or whether they had been trained on how to deal with someone with autism, but I needed to let them know, and so I did.

On one of the times that they called Brian in to question him, they accused him of having a bomb and of having drug paraphernalia. It's quite amusing to me that my son was accused of making a bomb, and sometimes when I think of that I just want to start laughing at the whole idea. Brian and I are both geeks, and we have never owned weapons of any kind, and so it is very amusing to think of anyone thinking that we were some kind of vigilante group of terrorists who are making bombs in our basement. The only weapon that Brian had against the state Senator was his words, but you know how the saying goes "the pen is mightier than the sword". And in this case, it certainly was what had them afraid of my son and to the point that they thought that they were going to find all of these militia stock piled weapons hiding in our basement. I still get a laugh when my son told me how he answered their question about whether his aluminum foil container filled with CD's and other items was a bomb. He said, "No, it's a faraday cage." Spoken more like a geek than a suspected terrorist I would say. To explain, a faraday cage is made to protect electrical items from an electromagnetic pulse (EMP) attack, which can disable electrical systems and destroy data. The faraday cage was invented by the scientist Michael Faraday in 1836, and it consists of an enclosure that blocks electric fields. Brian had made a faraday cage for the purpose of protecting his computer data, but what he did not know was that all of his stuff was completely unsafe not from an EMP attack, but from the police. It's ironic; because these were the people who I always thought were here to protect us and our homes, but instead they came in and legally robbed our home.

In hind sight though, I must say that it seemed very much to me like they were hoping to find some kind of evidence that he was a terrorist, so that they could use the very same NDAA law that my son tried to get abolished against him. Had they found some evidence; then they could have very easily taken him away and put him in a prison somewhere indefinitely and without a right to a trial to prove his innocence. It's too scary to even contemplate now as I write this chapter, but I believe this is what they sought to do to my son. They were going to use the very thing that he fought against...against him.

In the case of being accused of having drug paraphernalia, they had found ink syringes and actual drug syringes in the basement. Of course, the ink syringes that we had were for refilling ink cartridges in our printers, and I seriously doubt that the police officers did not know what they were. The drug syringes were used for giving insulin shots because Brian has type one Diabetes and has been taking shots since he was around two years old. I'm sure the police were very disappointed to not find guns, bombs or drugs in our home, but they did find many geek related paraphernalia such as computers, external hard drives, SD cards, USB sticks and cell phones though. Unfortunately, they took all of those items from us on that day, and I have to wonder if they were attempting to try to cut off my son's access to the internet so that he couldn't put any more articles or videos on his websites.

By the time they were done, our household was completely cut off from the outside world via the internet, phone and cell phones. We had no possible way to get in touch with any of our family or with anyone in an emergency. This was really scary considering my son has diabetes and seizures, and I knew that I no longer had access to call 911 if something bad was to happen. They actually took our router, and we had an internet phone through Vonage, so we were not able to access the internet in any way nor were we able to use our home phone. They also took our cell phones; so therefore, we were left completely technologically cut off from all of our main forms of communication.

All and all they took hundreds of dollars worth of computers, external hard drives, SD cards, CD's, cell phones, recorders and some other stuff from us on that day. It is what I have come to call legal thievery in which the police come inside someone's home and take whatever they have got a warrant to take from you. It is a violation of privacy as they look through everything that you have to obtain just the items that they have a legal right to take from you. On that day we lost personal photos from trips that we had been on and precious pictures of our family and friends. I lost many of my book files on that day as well as some of my poems and other items that I stored on my computer. I had backups of everything on my computer on my external drive and some SD cards, but they took those as well. It never occurred to me that I could ever lose my files and my backup files all at the same time, but that can happen, and it did with us. All of our personal files were taken away in just a few hours of time.

But it is the non-physical things that they took from us on that day which actually have hurt the most. They took away our self dignity and our right to feel safe from harm in our own home. They took away our right to privacy as well. We weren't doing anything wrong, but we suffered as if we had! I always thought that if you obeyed the laws that you would be protected from experiencing a police raid, but now I know different. Not very many people can understand what it feels like to go through a police raid, and I have to say it is very hard to put into words, but I will try. It leaves you feeling with a sense of non-trust and a fear that stays with you for perhaps the rest of your life. Anytime you hear a knock at the door, and you don't recognize the person, you automatically go into fear mode in which your heart beat races and your breathing becomes labored. You start to wonder if the person at the door is a police officer, and if you are about to get raided again. It changes the way you live your life completely, as you realize that the police can come in your home at anytime, day or night, and start taking your stuff away from you. I will never feel completely safe again in my own home whatsoever, because I know that I have no privacy. I'm sure that most people don't feel this way, but those that have been through a police raid would understand what I mean. A police raid takes away a person's right to feel secure within their own home. It violates you in ways that are unimaginable. The police look through your underwear drawer, through your closet and even under your bed. You feel a sense of uncleanness after you know that strangers have come into your home and have touched all of your stuff.

Every time a police car rides through the neighborhood, you become afraid and on alert. It's interesting now when I think back to how I used to feel before the raid. I used to feel completely safe when I saw a police car patrolling our neighborhood, but now I have completely changed into someone who feels very uncomfortable with the police being near my home. I have a little bit of PTSD (Post-traumatic stress disorder) now, and so does my son and my mom. I get extremely nervous when I see the police near my home and anytime a stranger knocks on the door.

It seems so odd that the police seemed to be accusing us of being terrorists considering that we never used weapons to threaten them or anyone, although I guess the website articles made them feel scared of Brian. However, in the long run it is the gun toting police officers who now make me feel unsafe and in fear.

The very definition of terrorism is the use of violence and intimidation in the pursuit of political aims. I don't know how others will see this, but Brian was only writing articles about corruption in the government, because our constitution gives him that right to do so. In our first Amendment it says, "*Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.*" Ever since the police raid Brian shut down his website and no longer writes articles about corruption in our government, and we are the ones who live in fear. My son reported the news, wrote articles and interviewed people on videos for three years. He did this on his own prerogative in exercising his freedom of speech that is guaranteed to every American in the constitution. He never hurt anyone, but he did reveal corruption that politicians would not want to be exposed. He now has had the right to exercise his freedom of speech taken away from him, and I have to wonder why. Who are the real terrorists here? Is it the one who reports and writes articles exposing corruption in the government, or is the terrorists, the very gun toting police who came into our home and stole all of our computers? You decide.

Ever since the terrorist attacks from September 11, 2001 (911), America has been heading down a slippery slope that is filled with fear and terror, which has eroded the rights and privileges of every American citizen. These rights are guaranteed to us in our Constitution and our Bill of Rights, but over the course of the last sixteen years our government is making laws like the Patriot Act and NDAA, which is taking away those very rights. It seems to me as if the terrorists have already won because those attacks on the twin towers in New York City and the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. has forever changed America in a most unusual way. We lost people, buildings and planes, but we also have lost something even more precious. We have lost the American way of life. We used to value our rights, but now we give them away as if they are nothing to us. We expect to be searched every time we go on a plane, and we expect to have the government watching us every time we are on the internet. We understand that we have to give up our right to privacy so that we can be safe. But what we don't understand is that the more we let our government into our personal lives and the more we give up our rights, then the more we are left with less freedom. If we continue to give up those rights and

freedoms, then we can sure expect for most of us to not live in fear over the terrorists but in fear from our own government.

No one ever thinks about all of the personal data that you can put on your computers, everything from passwords to accounts, bank account information, budget information, all your personal photos, all of your personal writings and even journals or diaries of personal experiences and all of the bookmarks that you have on your web browsers. If your computers are ever stolen, then whoever has them has access to some of the most valuable information about you. It gets even more concerning when it is a department of our government that has taken your computers. The police, SBI or FBI now have complete access to all of your personal data. They know what websites you have been to and what books you have read and much, much more about you. It's scary to even think about! Right now, I am writing a book about this experience, but I never know if my book file will be taken away from me at anytime. And the worst part about it is that the person reading this book could be not the people that I have intended it for, and so you never know where your files could end up.

I don't know where my computer, external hard drive and SD cards have ended up. I never got them back. For all I know they could have been auctioned off to strangers or tossed in the trash or perhaps the police took our computer equipment for themselves. They may be in some government warehouse somewhere collecting dust. I will never know where my personal data has gone. I just know that it is forever gone. When your computers are taken away from you, it is a lot different than other items that are stolen because the thief or in this case the police have all of your personal data as well. Our whole lives function on computers these days, and so our computers are like a mirror of who we are. It is literally like a data clone of you. It contains valuable information about you. Anyone can take your laptop and get to know the core of who you are. They can open up your browser on your computer and see what websites you like to visit by just looking at your bookmarks. They can see where you like to shop online, what social networks you access, what subjects you're interested in, who you work for, your family tree info, your personal DNA information, your address or phone number and your friends and families info, what music you like, dating information, videos



you made, your personal photos, emails and documents you saved and much, much more.

I am a writer and a researcher, so like I said before they got my book files, but also they took all of my research when they got my computers and backups. I had to redo many of my research graphics that I had stored on my computer pertaining to my work on the Solfeggio tones. It was so hard to essentially start over on all the research that I had done about the tones that were encoded into the Bible. I can't tell you how many hours I spent just trying to reconstruct my research graphics. Fortunately, my parents had some of my graphics, photos and even my book files stored on their computers, but most of my research was just taken away.

After going through this experience, I didn't want to tell any of my family and friends about what had happened to us. It was beyond embarrassing, and I don't think there is a word for what I was feeling at the time. It was shocking, embarrassing, and scary which left me feeling very uneasy about the world that I am living within. It kind of left me with bouts of anger, frustration and bitterness, as it was the most horrendous experience that I have ever been through. I became quite depressed and a mere shell of the person whom I was before. The next few months were absolutely like living inside a fog of despair, as I tried to find the skills to emotionally cope with what had happened to us. I couldn't even deal emotionally with the experience we had and so trying to explain about it to my family and friends was not going to happen anytime soon.

I was so glad that my mom and step dad were there when the police raid happened, but I must say that if they had not been there, I probably would have not even told them what had happened. I don't know how I would have handled that experience without them. It made me feel a little more secure having them there at that time, and I was glad that my son and I didn't have to go through that alone. I will be forever grateful to God for making sure that we were not alone on that day. I know that this experience also affected them the way it did us, and the four of us stuck closely together after the raid because we formed stronger bonds due to the fact that we went through this scary experience together.

The police told us that we needed to come by their office the next day to pick up the inventory of what items that they took from us. They scheduled a pick up time,

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and we agreed to be there, but I had no idea what was going to happen next. I wish that I had known.

Prior to this happening I had no idea that anything like this could have ever happened to us, and even though there were times when I told my son that I thought he was going too far in his articles, I never really felt in any fear over what he was doing. Perhaps I should have but never did. Even now looking back at the events of that day, I am surprised that I never saw that coming, and I think it is due to the fact that I erroneously had always felt that false sense of security that every American probably feels. I never thought that something like this could happen to someone that exercises their right to have freedom of speech or freedom of the press. I thought that activists are sometimes arrested for protesting and didn't realize how easy it would be for someone to set up an activist on their computer. It now seems obvious to me that if you are going to write articles exposing the darker side of the government and exposing the corruption of some politicians, then you are opening up yourself and your family to this very kind of setup scenario that we have now gone through. You too could be the victim of an intense police raid and just for voicing your right to freedom of speech. If this is the outcome of exercising one's freedom of speech in our country, then the price that is paid is much too high.

After the police raid, we started to wonder about two more strange events that had happened to me in that month prior to the police raid and after my son had been kicked out of the town council meeting . One day I was walking to the Dollar General Store that was about two or three blocks away from our home when all of a sudden a black SUV pulled over. I immediately saw that it was two police officers and wondered what was going on. They asked me if I had seen a girl walking along the road, and I told them that I had not. They then asked me where I lived, and I pointed down the street to the stone house that we lived in, which wasn't very far from where I was standing. They thanked me and quickly pulled away. It left me with kind of an eerie feeling because I had never ever had the police pull off the road to talk to me before, and it had not been very long after my son was kicked out of the town council meeting by the police chief for our town. When I got back home after going to the store, I told my son about what had happened, and he felt like it was strange as well.



Another odd event would not have been so strange if it had not occurred just days before the raid. I went to Hardees to get my son some breakfast. I was in the drive through line when all of a sudden this SUV pulled in aggressively from the street and was trying to get through. I looked behind me and saw no cars, so proceeded to back up because this SUV wanted to get through there. My car hit another car as I backed up. This had never happened to me before, so I was shocked. I went to park my car, so that I could apologize to this person, and she called the police. Hardees is on the town line, but half of it was in another town because the two towns ran together at their borders. The police came from both towns, and after a short discussion the police from my town volunteered to take the call. After waiting quite awhile, I filled out a form with my insurance information for the woman I had hit. I was never issued a ticket because it happened in the parking lot of Hardees and not out on the open road. Even though it was a small fender bender, her car was significantly damaged. Once we looked at the search warrant that day, we were able to see that they had my information about what kind of a car I drove and my license information. We wondered on that day if they got that information from my small car accident, and that made us wonder if the whole thing had been planned and that perhaps this accident was not what it seemed to be at the time. I will forever wonder if they did that on purpose to me and wondered who was driving that SUV who had been so aggressively trying to make me back up in the drive- in lane. It makes me wonder who the driver was that suddenly showed up behind me after I had looked and saw no one. It's an odd coincidence for me to have two run ins with the town police within a month's time following Brian's expulsion from the town council meeting and within the month prior to the police raid. This had never happened before, and we had been living there for 7 and half years. I can't help but wonder if this was a bizarre coincidence or a form of police harassment which was meant to scare us.

This whole event has made me question about whether using computers and the internet is safe. I constantly have to battle spyware, adware and occasionally deal with viruses being put on my computer. Many times when I open up my spam folder in my email, my antivirus will start alerting me to an email that tried to attack my computer. It is so easy for a virus, spyware or adware to infect our computers, and it happens every day. What if you had a hacker who was attempting to put something illegal on your computer? Would you know what is

going on? Could you get rid of it before the police arrived to search your home? My son was battling an awful virus at the time, and he did not know what was going on until it was too late.

This experience has taught me one important thing, and that is that anyone can be setup. It's even easier for people to set someone up in the digital age of computers. We have constant access to the world in our homes through our internet connection on our computers, and even if we put passwords on our Wi-Fi routers or set up passwords on our computers, we are not safe. Any good hacker can easily access our computers and put whatever they want on our computers via a virus. What now frightens me, and should frighten you too, is the fact that this can happen to anyone. This is what sometimes keeps me awake in the middle of the night thinking about what can happen.

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### The Interrogation

The next day we went to pick up the inventory at the scheduled time, and instead we got pulled into something so cunning and sly that we were left unaware of what was about to happen. I've been told that what we went through was not an actual interrogation, but it certainly felt like one to us. We erroneously had been led to believe that we were there to just pick up the inventory lists of items that were seized from our home, but the real reason was something way more nefarious. We were still feeling quite shocked from the events of the police raid on the day before, when we were hit hard for a second shock that was about to change our lives completely forever. My son was about to be led like a sheep to the slaughter by wolves in sheep's clothing. His whole reputation was about to be shattered through a cruel game of character assassination, and neither of us knew that it was going to take years just to try to repair some of the damage that was inflicted on my son on that day.

Two police officers wanted to talk to me alone, and so I followed them into an office to hear what they had to say. I have to say that the police raid the day before was a major factor in me talking with them because after going through something shocking like that experience, I was not in a state of mind where I could make a reasonable decision. I was not read my Miranda rights and did not know that I didn't have to talk to them; and furthermore, I was hit by another shock which also disabled my ability to think properly.

It's hard to explain how the successive shocks can disable a person to think properly, and I do believe that a person would have to experience them to know what I am talking about. Nevertheless, I will still try to explain what this experience was like, so that the reader can get an idea of what happened and how it felt at the time. First, I ask the reader to put themselves in this situation, and to really think about what it would be like if they went through this scenario themselves. The day before I was shocked by the sudden intrusion of many police officers entering our home to retrieve all of our computers and other items and was in shock by what they were looking for in our home. The material that they were looking for goes against my moral compass and spiritual beliefs, so just

hearing what they were searching for on that day was enough to shock me into a depressive trance like state. Now it was the next day, and I was being shocked again by more information that I didn't want to hear and couldn't possibly understand and wasn't in a state of mind where I could even begin to comprehend what was happening to us or why. It literally felt similar to what boxers probably go through when they are being punched excessively in a rapid manner which leads to them fainting unconsciously for a few seconds and then them waking up dazed and confused. The day of the raid I was hit the first time when I opened that door and saw all of these police, the second punch is when I found out what they were searching for in our home, the third punch was our home being searched while we waited outside, the fourth punch was watching the chief of police badgering Brian to confess to a crime and the fifth punch was them calling my son inside our home to accuse him of having drugs and a bomb. I was already quite dazed from the events the day before and even though I appeared quite conscious and alert....I was not.

The sixth punch caught me so off balance that I couldn't even catch my breath while trying to make sense of what was happening. It was just me and two police officers in a room, and of course, I was at a clear disadvantage as I was emotionally wounded from the day before. I was about to hear something that no parents should ever have to hear about their son, and it knocked me off my feet, although not literally very much so subconsciously. I tried to reason it out in my mind and tried to absorb what they had just told me, but there was no way that I ever could.

In the first chapter, I left out what the police were looking for, and I did this on purpose. The reason is that this topic puts everyone in a proverbial blind spot so to speak, and even the very words leave me feeling nervous and angry. A blind spot is an area that you can't see as not being able to see a car right beside you because it is too far up to be seen in the mirror and not far enough to be seen by a slight tilt of the head. This topic even being verbalized will put most people in a blind spot in which they can't think rationally without some anger or sadness. This subject is so horrendous that it is mostly an invisible crime that affects or infects the world, as most people don't like to talk or even think about it. It's something so horrendous that even the media fails to talk about it very often. Most of us have a

knee jerk reaction when we hear those words, and I am the same way. This topic conjures up emotions inside of all of us that make us feel disgusted and at the same time angry. Therefore, to be accused of a crime like this one is to be accused of something that is worse than even murder. Now try to imagine what it would be like if you were accused of a crime that is worse than murder. This is what we were accused of on the day of the police raid, and I even have trouble four years later trying to write about it.

After I had entered the room with the two police officers, I heard something that no one ever wants to hear about their child, and I hope that no one ever has to hear those words like I did that day. They said “We found child porn on your son’s computer.” Again, I was in a state of shock. I think I remember saying, “You did?” I said it almost hoping to hear “no”, when I knew that they would say “yes”. What else can you say when you hear those words? I tried to mentally process what they said, but again there is no processing something like that when you are in a state of shock. It’s like all of a sudden everything is in slow motion, as you struggle to make sense of what you just heard. I also remember that I tried to tell them about a virus that my son had on his computer, but they totally dismissed everything that I said just like the police chief did the day before when my son told him about the virus. I can’t really remember everything that was said during the interrogation or questioning but remember enough. They asked me all kinds of personal questions! Some of their questions were insulting and an invasion of privacy. They asked me about my sexual preferences and all kinds of uncomfortable questions. These questions have mostly been erased from my mind, so I won’t even attempt to write all of the questions that they asked me during that hour. It was hard to answer their questions as these were strangers asking me stuff that I wouldn’t even be comfortable talking about with my friends or family. I had to explain to them that I had not been in a relationship, since with Brian’s father, and that I had not dated anyone in 21 years. They glared at me as if that was suspicious, and it was really embarrassing to talk about this stuff with them. I look back at their questioning now and can’t believe I even answered all of the personal questions to them. I think they have special psychological tactics that they use for questioning people, and of course, it helped them that I was in a state of shock; and therefore, could not think rationally at that time.

## Jailed with Autism

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They asked me if I used Brian's computer, and I told them that "No". I told them that his computer was password protected, and that I did not know his password, and that Brian did not want for me to touch his computer because of his OCD (Obsessive Compulsive Disorder).

They asked me if I was a member of the Sovereign Citizens, and I told them "No" and asked them about the organization. They explained that this organization was against police officers. They then told me that they found a Sovereign Citizen flag in Brian's bedroom. This has never made sense to me for the reason that I know we had never attended any meeting of this organization, and also because my son and I were always together. My relationship with my son is not like most parents because Brian has insulin dependent diabetes, seizures and mild autism. Therefore, even though my son was 22 years old at the time, he did not drive and because of all of his health and mental issues I was always with him all the time either at our house or when we went out. I drove Brian to doctor's appointments and on errands to the store, and had always had to keep a close eye on him due to the diabetes and seizures. How could he have gotten hold of a Sovereign Citizens flag? He had no friends, and the only people who ever visited us at that time were my parents. I don't believe that he would have had this flag that they said they found. Looking back, I can't help but question the integrity of these police officers as I feel that they were lying to me about this flag.

They asked me if Brian was around children, and I told them "No, he isn't around children". They then asked me if he had any family with children or any cousins. I told them that in the past he used to be around his cousins. Basically they kept trying to twist my words around to try to show that in the past Brian was around children, but his cousins were grown now and no longer children and were the same age as he was. They tried to blur the line between being around children when he was a child versus being around them now that he was an adult. The questioning becomes so confusing because they try to find ways to twist what you say.

I found their questioning to be absolutely exhausting and personally intrusive, and the way they try to twist your words and confuse people is completely irritating. They made me feel like I didn't know my own son, by telling me he had child porn on his computer, and he had a flag of an anti-government organization. They

painted a picture of a totally different person than the son I had raised and cared for all of these years. They also were arrogant and had a judgmental attitude, which made me feel as if I was lower than the dirt of the ground. You literally feel like you are the scum of the earth after they are through with questioning you. This is the only way that I know to explain what it feels like during a police interrogation. They not only crushed my whole world around me, they annihilated my very existence and Brian's. It's hard to explain what that kind of a shock does to a person. The whole experience between the house raid and the interrogation left me as just a mere shell of a person of whom I was before. I felt totally empty and completely numb after they were done.

The personal questions really got to me the worst, as I knew that they had probably looked at my laptop computer and already knew all about me. I feel like I answered personal questions that I shouldn't have after the interrogation was over, but it was hard to think when they were firing one question after another at me. It almost feels like a form of rape in that they get you to talk about subjects that you would never talk about with total strangers. I told them all about my relationship with my ex-husband, who was Brian's dad and answered all kinds of personal questions that I would never talk about with anyone, but when they are firing questions at you, and you are in shock, it's hard to think about what you are saying.

I had learned later on that while they were questioning me that the police chief was questioning Brian all alone. He was angry with my son for putting up the video on YouTube of him escorting my son out of the town hall meeting. He was also accusing my son of slandering him and was trying to tell him to take off the video and the articles that talk about him. I feel that the police chief's questioning of Brian while he was all alone was completely unprofessional as it was obvious that he only cared about trying to save his own reputation.

The police asked me some questions about his autism, and I answered them as best as I could. The problem is that Brian can appear to be very expressive and sociably normal when he talks with other people. This is due to years of speech and language therapy that began when I placed him in a program at a very young age. He was placed in an early intervention program when he was only two years old and also in a public school program for preschoolers who have learning disabilities when he was three and four years of age. Teachers, psychologists,



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speech therapists and his family worked with him on various problems over the years, and due to all of this special education I had watched him through the years overcome many difficulties that affected him from his autism. Some autistic tendencies disappeared altogether, while other behaviors got noticeably worse over the years.

They asked me how much he understands because to them, they believed that he understood everything that they told him. I told them that I didn't know, and that they would have to get him tested by a professional. Of course, they ignored my advice, and it angers me that they did. Instead of listening to what I had to say, they immediately questioned him alone right after they questioned me. Keep in mind that the two police officers questioned my son directly after the police chief had been questioning him by himself and had threatened him the day before with possibly arresting his mom if he did not confess.

After the questioning, I was taken back to the waiting room where Brian was sitting. The police officers then asked him if they could talk to him. I was afraid that they were going to arrest him, and as I sat in the waiting room I tried again to process what was going on. I went over every detail that they told me and yet still had no answers as to what was going on. I knew that this had to be a setup but was at a loss as to what to do. Brian and I had been living off of his SSI check, and I had been his sole caregiver for his entire life. The past two years had been unbearable as Brian was having a lot of horrible seizures, his OCD routines were getting noticeably longer and longer, and we were just barely getting by financially. It had become such a struggle to try to stay afloat during the grips of the Great Recession and the inflation that had overtook our nation. We had no money for a lawyer as we barely had enough for food and to pay our bills every month. I know many people will think why didn't I call a lawyer, but I knew we couldn't afford one or even a consultation with one.

Brian confessed to uploading child pornography onto his computer, and he also told the police officers that he put child pornography on his netbook, so we had to hand the netbook over to the police officers immediately.

I have to say that this took me completely by surprise that my son confessed as I thought that he was going to tell them the same thing that I did about the virus, so I



was caught completely off guard when the police officers told me that he confessed. I didn't really know what was going on at this point and just really wanted to get away from the police department so that I could talk to my son. They did not arrest him at that time, and I was at least glad that they did not.

In the year following his confession, I was to later learn that people with autism can give false confessions, which was something that I didn't know about at that time. I have to say that these kinds of tactics for questioning are hard for someone without a disability, so I can't even begin to imagine what the questioning was like for my son. If I had trouble thinking properly because of the shock of what was happening, then I can't even begin to understand what it must have been like for someone who has autism. Autism primarily affects communication, which can have a major impact when someone with an Autism Spectrum Disorder is being questioned by police officers, and especially after the successive shocks that we were being exposed to in just a mere 24 hour period of time.

Autism affects the behavior, communication and social aspects of a person's life, so all three aspects can affect an interrogation negatively. An autistic person doesn't really respond to the world the way that most people do; and so therefore, they will answer questions based on their own viewpoint or perspective of the world. Questioning autistic people may even be similar to trying to question someone of a different culture and language than your own. Their perspective differs quite a lot compared to ours as they see everything completely different than we do. Their behavior patterns are different than ours; so therefore, their body language is very different from ours. Their communication deficits make it possible for them to continually misunderstand what other people are saying, and so they can easily become more confused with the world than we do. This can lead to abnormal behavior as an autistic person will start to become more agitated and frustrated by what they don't understand. They are more apt to throw a tantrum or to become more aggressive when they are confused. Their social patterns are completely different in that they miss important social cues and interact differently with people. How then is it possible for police officers without any knowledge of autism to question them? Later on, I was to learn that there are many people that are trying to educate police officers and other first responders, so that they can

better understand their disability and how to question them. I will go over this in another chapter.

One factor that may have played a role in his confession is the constant badgering for him to confess. He said that in the beginning that he maintained his innocence, but they would not listen to him, and they kept telling him that they found it on his computer, so he felt like he had to tell them exactly what they wanted to hear. This kind of questioning can confuse someone with autism into thinking that they are guilty of something that they did not do.

Another factor that could have had an influence on his confession is that he was questioned around lunchtime as he had not eaten before going to the police department. We had no idea that we would be there for about 2 and half hours, and so we did not know that we would be there during lunchtime. My parents and I have agonized over what role low blood sugar could possibly have played in his false confession. When his blood sugar is low, he can't think properly and can become frustrated, irritated and quite confused. We do not know what his blood sugar level was during the questioning, and we do not know if his blood sugar could have become low due to the time frame that the questioning was being done. If his blood sugar had dropped around that time, then it is highly possible that he could have just been repeating what they were telling him, and that was that he was guilty.

Brian has also told me at some point after his confession that he was afraid that they were going to take me away from him and since I was his only caretaker he was scared, because I check his blood sugars and give him sugar, icing or juice when he is having a severe insulin reaction or help him with the seizures. He knew that he is dependent on me for his care. The reason why he was afraid is due to the fact that the police chief made out like he could charge either one of us with the crime on the day of the police raid when he was badgering him to confess. This was really confusing to my son as well, and so I do not know to what an extent this might have played a role in his confession.

Later on, I also found out that a person with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder can confess to being a pedophile when they are not just simply because they are afraid that they could be one. Brian started showing signs of OCD when he was in the

sixth grade and over the years I watched him develop long and elaborate hand washing routines. Many people with autism later develop OCD because they need to have routines where everything in their life is the same and predictable so that they can properly deal with transitions from one thing to the next. The routines make them feel comfortable because everything is done the same way, and they aren't unpredictable like life can often be in this world. I watched a program called *OCD and Me* which had a psychologist explain that there are people with OCD who think they are sex offenders just because they had a thought that made them fear that they could be a pedophile. This is a rare form of OCD that affects the person's thoughts about their fears obsessively. The police officers continually telling my son that they found child porn on his computer, and that he must like kids in a sexual way could have been enough to make someone with OCD think that they must be guilty when they are not. OCD is caused by some kind of brain damage, and his autism is also caused by an abnormality in the way his brain functions and processes information. My son's EEG's have shown that he has abnormal brain wave patterns. Why aren't police officers trained to take into account about someone's mental conditions prior to questioning; and furthermore, why aren't there any laws that protect people with autism, OCD or mental illnesses from giving false confessions?

There seems to be an oversight when it comes to the plight of people with mental disabilities or mental illnesses in the legal system now which had not been there before. In recent years, it has become quite noticeable to many of us that people with mental illnesses and disabilities are being forced into the prison system. People with these conditions used to be put into mental institutions, but now are being pushed onto their families for care or are forced to live on the streets homeless and uncared for in America. These people have also become easy targets to get false confessions and sentenced to a life in prison, and it almost seems like it is a punishment for them having these conditions which is not their fault.

We left the police office, and the police followed us to our house. My son searched for his netbook and then gave it to them. It was odd that the police officers had not taken the netbook during the police raid, and I do not know if they didn't see it or if they just thought that the netbook would not be of any use to them in the investigation. One of the police officers tried to have a conversation

with me while he looked for his netbook. He said that he had a diabetic son, and I remember asking him if his child had seizures too, and he said that he didn't. This is the only thing that I remember that was said during that time, and this conversation seems so odd to me now writing about it years later. Particularly, when I consider the fact that low blood sugar could have possibly played a role in the false confession. The netbook confession actually became a lot more interesting later on in our own personal investigation due to the fact that they never found child porn on the netbook. This was another false confession that Brian made during the interrogation. I will tell more about our discovery about this erroneous confession in a later chapter.

Afterwards, we traveled to my parent's house to stay the night because we did not feel comfortable going to our home. He also told me on the drive to my parent's house that the police officers said that they had been to his website, and they talked about this for some time during the questioning. I think they did that to make him feel comfortable as a tactic to kind of befriend him by acting interested in his website. To my son, his website was like his career, and he was proud of what he had accomplished with his work, and I was proud of him too. The police officers talking about his website seems like a form of manipulation to knock him off guard, while they were plunging the invisible knife into his back. This is an interrogation tactic that can confuse someone with autism, as they think that the police officers are authority figures, and when they take an interest in something that they like to do, then it seems like they are befriending them in a way. It is so hard for people with autism to make permanent friends so pretending to befriend them can be misleading.

Brian told me about how he kept telling them that he didn't download child porn to his computer, but he said that they kept asking him the same questions over and over, until finally he told them exactly what they wanted to hear. This is another tactic that they use to exhaust the person, but for someone with autism, this can again confuse them, as they have been conditioned over and over in the school system to always agree with an authority figure, so that you don't get in trouble. He told them what they wanted to hear because they didn't ever seem to accept what he had been telling them. I have read of other innocent people who don't have autism who confessed after hours of an interrogation just simply because they

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were mentally exhausted and couldn't think properly, so imagine how someone with autism would react to this same kind of questioning. I can tell you that autistic people easily get confused when they are being questioned, and I have seen that time and time again over the years. There are times that my son isn't connecting at all and is totally immersed within autism and can't respond to questions or have a normal conversation, as most people with mild autism or high functioning autism have times when they are more captured by their autistic traits than other times. One person with high functioning autism once wrote on the internet an analogy about what it is like to have a milder form of autism. He wrote that it was like listening to a radio station that plays clear one day and yet the next day it has a lot of static and is hard to hear the music or what is being said on the station. He indicated that sometimes he was able to connect with the world, and other times he was not.

It is hard for me to know how much of an influence the threat to arrest either one of us had on Brian when he made his false confession, but I would think that it probably had a huge affect on his subconscious. Also the constant barrage of them firing questions at him and not accepting his answers of him saying that he wasn't guilty probably frustrated him as well due to his autism. If we also factor in the fact that his questioning was around lunchtime, and that he had not yet eaten, and that we did not know what his blood sugar was at the time of questioning, then it is quite possible that his blood sugar might have dropped during the questioning, and they might have taken advantage of his lack of being coherent during an insulin reaction. This could have been possible, and the fact that one of the police officers who questioned him had a son with diabetes meant that he was well aware of how incoherent and confused someone can become when their blood sugar is low. I am at a loss to understand how the court can accept a confession when there are so many factors that could have affected him to falsely confess.

I also learned on the drive to my parent's house that they talked to him about adult pornography, which he said he had been looking at this on the internet for some time. I did not know that he had been looking at this stuff, but I would guess a lot of 22 year old young men do look at pornography. They told him "everybody likes to look at porn". He said that they went back and forth talking about pornography and then child pornography. I would think that this could be quite confusing for

anyone to follow, and especially difficult for someone with autism. How would you know if they are talking about adult pornography or child pornography at any one time if they have been talking about both? This can very easily confuse someone with autism!

He also said that they told him a made up scenario about shopping in Walmart and seeing a cute little girl. They asked him what he would think about the cute girl. Somehow they got him to agree with them that the girl was cute. I don't know exactly how this conversation went, and I don't know what they were trying to get him to say with this type of questioning. I would think that making up a story about a girl in Walmart would confuse someone with autism as they were talking about something that is not real. Autistic people have trouble in understanding abstract concepts; and therefore, people with autism are more like concrete thinkers. The police officers making up a story about a cute kid in Walmart would confuse a person with autism who thinks more literally, and not about abstract concepts or "what if" scenarios. All kids are cute, and any person would agree on that, so it's hard to even understand how this line of questioning is supposed to be used to get a confession. I can tell you that every time we went to Walmart to go shopping that he never went around the store looking at children. All I can ever remember is that most of the time we did our grocery shopping at Walmart, and he was always enthused about getting the snacks that he loved to get there, so all I can remember is his love for food when we went grocery shopping there. He never noticed children at all, but he did notice the snacks that he wanted to get while we were there.

People with autism are more into things than people, and I think most parents of autistic children and autism experts would agree that they see that quite a lot in people with autism. It has always been a running joke in my family that my son would ask us to get out of the way when he was taking a photo of something. He even did this with total strangers. He would ask them to get out of the way, so that he could take a photo. When he was a child, he did this quite often until he was finally made aware that it was considered rude. We would always joke about how he would instruct us to get out of the way when he took a photo somewhere. He is always more interested in getting a photo of the object or landscape without people. In Walmart, he was always more interested in getting his snacks and foods



he liked, than in what I was shopping for in Walmart. His whole life mostly revolves around him and what he likes, as he has trouble taking an interest in what other people like. Most autistic people tend to be more self-centered and even their conversations mostly consists of their own personal interests, and they do not tend to be people persons at all. He can make friends, but he will talk to his friends obsessively about his topics of interests, until at some point he loses his friend. I have watched this happen over and over again with internet friends throughout the years. Autistic people have a one track mind, and it is hard for them to shift to new topics within a conversation. Even though, my son appears to be quite talkative around people, it becomes obvious after some time around him that he mostly just wants to talk about what he likes, and he has trouble relating to what other people like and even trouble understanding when he has bored other people with his obsessive talk about one subject that he likes to talk about forever. I do not think that my son would even notice a little girl is cute, but he might notice that she is blocking him from getting to his favorite snack and tell her that she needs to move.

I was so confused that he confessed, and at the time I was totally thrown off and didn't understand what had happened. It was the weirdest thing that I have ever observed in my life, and it perpetuated a couple months of the oddest time of my life. How can someone confess to a crime that they have not committed and do it in just an hour of questioning? What was so devastatingly and overwhelmingly creepy was that my son actually started to believe that he had a problem with child porn. He was so confused because they talked to him about pornography and child pornography at the same time. He was guilty of looking at adult pornography, but that is completely legal in America, but somehow they confused him. I believe that he didn't really know what child pornography was, and so this complicated his perception of their questioning. It also seemed obvious that he gave in to their questioning because he was frustrated that they kept asking him the same questions over and over again and would not accept his answer that he was not guilty, so in his mind, he believed that he must be guilty, since they wouldn't listen to him and kept telling him that he was guilty. They also kept telling him that they found child porn on his computer, so he had to be guilty.

As I said before, it wasn't until months later that I learned that people with autism can give a false confession, and I will talk about that in the next chapter. However,

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at this time I did not know that someone with autism could give a false confession, so I was really confused about what was going on. The day before he was telling the police chief that he had a virus, and now the day after he confessed after only about an hour of time of questioning. It did not make sense.

The police raid and the interrogation the next day all took place within a 24 hour timeframe, and I would have to say that this experience has been the most devastating and catastrophic thing that has ever happened to my son and me during our lifetime so far. It literally changed the course of my son's life and mine and in such a way that is very hard to explain. The next year and three months became a paradox in our lives that bordered upon bitter sadness and yet with overwhelming moments of joy and happiness sprinkled in between. Our lives before this happened and after this happened changed so drastically that it was almost as if we were being rewarded for some of the travesty that occurred and yet punished at the same time. The next year and three months was going to be the most devastating year of fear that I have ever had, and yet at the same time it became filled with so much joy that offset that fear so dramatically in a paradoxical kind of way. If the police raid and interrogation were the symbolic tornado that destroyed our home and disrupted our lives, than the rebuilding of our lives became such a glorious transformation in the process to make our lives better than it had been before. God was clearly looking over us to help us to navigate through this tragedy at this time in our lives.

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### Moving

The next year and three months following the confession was a contrast of good and bad in our lives. We experienced the very best things we had ever experienced together with the very worst things we had ever experienced, and our lives had become such an interesting paradox. But I must say it was that contrast that kept us going as we were suddenly aware that there was something brewing in our lives that we hadn't experienced before. It seemed like new and better experiences were starting to pop into our lives that would not only transform who we are, but challenge us in good ways to find a better and more meaningful path to follow. This raid and confession may have torn apart our lives temporarily, but it wasn't going to tear us apart permanently. We had grown quite accustomed to being given lemons all the time and learning how to make that southern sweet lemonade from them, but now suddenly we were being given some sweet lemonade, instead of the lemons we had been used to receiving. We started to experience wonderful magical dreams amidst the nightmare we had been living.

Brian refused to go back to the house in our town after we stayed a few nights at my parent's apartments. I had to make a decision about what to do now, and within just days after the raid, I made the decision to move away. It wasn't just because my son refused to go back, but it was also out of fear that we would be harassed by the town police if we stayed there. It was also very devastating to know that our neighbors watched the police raid as it occurred, and I knew that if I was asked about it that I would probably be unable to explain what happened due to the stigma of the subject matter.

My mom and I went back to the police department to pick up the inventory, because they never gave us the inventory on the day after the police raid. We wanted to talk to a police officer while we were there to explain more about Brian's autism and to talk more about the virus. We were directed to talk to a nice police officer who had nothing to do with my son's case. I can't remember much of what was said between us and this young police officer, but what I do remember is what happened afterwards. We saw one of the police detectives who was a part of the police raid, and he was also one of the men who questioned my son and me

the day after the raid. He never invited us into his office, and so we were forced to talk about this private matter in the public waiting room. We started talking to him about my son's case, and he told us some more about why he believed my son was guilty. He said when they first came into our home that he looked over at him, and he looked down like he was guilty and shook his head like he knew why they were there. He also told us that they found two files with child pornography and one was with a baby. That disgusted me! He continued to say that he believed that my son had a problem with child porn and that he needed help. He also told us to keep him off the internet. He said many other things to us, but I mostly blacked out a lot of what he told us. I remember we gave him the new address of where we were going to be living. We left the police station feeling defeated, depressed and like there was no hope. The detective's attitude was somewhat judgmental and arrogant, and again I felt like I was the scum of the earth who raised a pervert.

After talking to him, I was quite confused myself as to whether my son was capable of doing this horrible thing that he confessed to doing. It's really sad how much influence this police officer had on our emotions as well as our conviction that my son was innocent. He had us doubting him and doubting ourselves too, as we again struggled to make sense of what the heck was going on. We were asking ourselves questions that we never wanted to ask ourselves. Could Brian be capable of downloading obscene files like what they said they found and looking at this garbage, or could he have accidentally downloaded them in with adult pornography? I was completely disgusted with the thought of a baby being molested in one of the files that was on his computer. That drive back to my parent's apartment house was filled with so much confusion, and we were both an emotional basket case.

At this point, I was still in shock about everything that had happened in the last few days, but it seemed to me like I had crossed over into the twilight zone where nothing made any sense whatsoever. I was struggling with just trying to get through the next hour in my life without going completely insane and killing myself. You start to wonder if perhaps you did cross over into a parallel universe where everything in your life turns into something that you no longer recognize. A universe where I raised a pervert and my life was falling apart all around me, and I was this horrible mom who had a pedophile for a son. You can't even begin to imagine what that is like when you feel that you tried as hard as you could to raise

your son as best as you could and feel like you completely failed. You start to feel as if maybe now is the time to give up because life can't possibly get any worse than it had at this moment. Brian and I had been through a lot together through the years. My abusive marriage to his father, his father leaving, my son almost dying from diabetes at around a year and half old, terrible seizures, his being diagnosed with Pervasive Developmental Disorder at two years of age. My son was diagnosed with mild autism at four years of age. He was kicked out of kindergarten because of tantrums, and there were years of school problems, He was diagnosed with Intermittent Explosive Disorder, had two surgeries, Obsessive Compulsive Disorder disrupting our lives, home schooling, poverty, a lawsuit against Brian when he was 20 years old and now having this police detective tell me that my son is a pedophile. Brian had been labeled since his birth with all kinds of names for his chronic illness, mental illness and his disabilities, but this label being put on him was the most awful thing I had ever heard someone call him. Brian seemed to be set on a path in life that was filled with almost insurmountable challenges and problems that have continually debilitated our lives beyond all measure. It sometimes seemed as if we had the worst luck than anyone else I have ever known. It felt like our life together consisted of us falling into a massive black hole from which we would never escape from its mighty grip on us. It just kept squeezing us tighter and tighter until we seemed destined to either implode or be ripped apart piece by piece from the strong dark force that had consumed our lives. Our very life together was anything but normal, but this was the biggest obstacle that has ever been put into our lives, and it was one that I really didn't think I could ever face and overcome. How could this happen to my son after all the other tragedies in his life that he has had to face? Was he ever going to have a normal life? Was I ever going to have a normal life?

We got back to the house and talked to my step dad about what the police detective told us. Finally, there was a voice of reason, as he told us that he didn't think Brian was a pedophile. It was the calm after a storm that had been raging for a few days now, and I so needed some positive reinforcement at this time and so did my mother.

The first two weeks after my son's confession were the hardest to get through because he actually believed that he had an addiction to child porn. He was

confused and part of the time really angry, and I was barely there for him emotionally, as I couldn't deal with this at all. I kept going from states of crying and worrying to states of behavior where I was almost numb. It was odd how I could go from being emotionally a basket case at one moment and then completely numb and void of all emotion the next. My mom, Brian and I were on an emotional roller coaster ride together, and we all three just wanted to get off this crazy ride we were on. My stepdad was calm and the voice of reason throughout this time period, and he was the stable rock that we were all clinging to at certain times.

Brian was very confused for about two weeks after his confession, and he was having episodes of anger, and at times he was just acting really crazy. At one point, we decided to take him to a mental hospital to see if we could get him some help. I can't remember a lot of what happened there, but I do remember he told them that he had a porn addiction and that he had some suicidal thoughts. He told them that he wasn't having those thoughts while he was there, and so they decided that they didn't need to admit him to the hospital since he seemed to be feeling a little better. I was shocked because he had been acting so crazy around us, and we all thought that he needed some help.

I was going through a similar meltdown at that time as well, and I was telling my parents that I couldn't take care of him anymore. I finally told them that I had been burnt out for the last two years in dealing with the severe seizures and with the lawsuit against him. I let them know that I had been depressed with all of that stuff and especially with his OCD routines at our kitchen sink, which was causing a lot of damage due to him splattering water all over the floor and the metal cabinet. Our hard wood floor had lost its varnish, and the metal sink was really rusty. Our water bill was high, and I was getting tired of buying a lot of soap and Germ X all the time when we had so little money after I paid our bills every month. I told them that I needed a job and can't be his caretaker for the rest of my life and that I was tired of struggling on just the little bit of money we had every month. This latest legal problem was the straw that broke the camel's back as far as I was concerned. I just felt that I couldn't do it anymore. I just wanted to give up! Sadly, my first instinct was to run far, far away from my life and just didn't want to go through anymore tragedies in my life. I felt like Brian and I had gone

through so many catastrophes in our lives, and I was so very tired. I needed a break!

My parents checked to see if there was a group home that he could go into for now, so that I could find a job, but we found out that it wasn't going to happen anytime soon and that he would be placed on a waiting list. We placed his name on the waiting list, but we never have heard anything more from them. As far as I know, his name is still on that waiting list about four and a half years later, and no one has ever contacted us to see if we still want to keep him on the list or how long the wait will be.

Brian was still continuing to have terrible seizures and severe insulin reactions during this time, and he was also suffering with bouts of anger and depression. He still had thoughts of suicide, and he would express this to us many times, but we didn't know what to do to help him since the mental hospital felt that he didn't need to be hospitalized. We all three dealt with this as best as we could. After about two weeks he had started to realize that maybe he wasn't guilty like what the police officers had led him to believe. Once he came out of this trance he had been under, he started to express even more anger over what they had done to him. It was hard to deal with the tantrums that he was having due to depression and anxiety over his present situation. I too was struggling from depression and unfortunately I don't believe I was able to help him with his problems at that time due to my own mental condition. I don't know how my parents put up with the both of us being in a depressive condition.

I started to go over to the house in our town, so that I could clean up and start moving our stuff over to my parent's apartments. It was an unbelievable task that needed to be done, and unfortunately I was not in such a good state of mind for moving. I had to clean up my son's bedroom, and it was such a mess. Most of the mess was made from him, but some of it was made from where the police threw stuff around. There were some torn up desktop computers where they took out the hard drives in our computer room. For the first time, I realized how much of a problem it is for a person with autism to dispose of their trash since my son always had an inclination towards keeping everything. I kept finding bags of stuff that had been thrown in the closet, inside furniture, under the bed and elsewhere that just had mostly trash in them with a few items that were useful, and almost every bag

had some change in them. I had to go through every bag to get the useful items out and to throw away all of the trash in them. It took hours of my time to go through all of these bags that he had concealed throughout his bedroom and the computer room. He hardly ever threw anything away. I can remember going down to his bedroom and throwing away stuff when he wasn't there, but I had no idea how much trash he had hidden away.

There were days that I went there to clean up and start moving stuff to our new home, and I would just walk around in a daze and look at everything. Some days I found it hard to work and wasn't able to do much. Our lives were being torn apart and now our home where we had lived the last seven and a half years. I knew that most of our stuff we wouldn't be able to take with us because my parent's four apartments were all furnished and decorated. I knew that we were going to have to throw away some stuff, give away some of our stuff and try to sell some of our stuff at a yard sale. It was going to be hard!

Over the next two months I cleaned up everything and moved everything that we could move and that we had the room for in our apartments. My parents, son and I carried some of the stuff to the Goodwill thrift store and some of it to another thrift store to give away. My step dad arranged for a guy to pick up furniture to deliver it to poor families who needed furniture for their homes. We also had a yard sale where we were able to sell some of our stuff at real low prices just to get it out of the house. I gave my notice, and we (my mom and me) cleaned up the house and left it forever as we were anxious to get away from that place.

Brian moved into the basement apartment, and I moved into the upstairs apartment not far from his. It was amazing how much we both settled in quickly and started to enjoy having our own privacy in my parent's apartments. I personally enjoyed having my own personal bathroom because I had not had that in years. I also enjoyed not having to hear the water faucet running continually when my son did his hand washing routine. It was very nice to finally have my own space again after all these years of sharing a home with Brian. This new independent lifestyle of having my own place was a blessing that I so cherished and it put a little bit of joy back into my life. My son was enjoying having his very first apartment ever and the little bit of independence that came from him having his own place.



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After we moved into the apartments, we did some research on the internet, and my mom found out that there was a special Medicaid program that we could get my son on, so that someone could come into his apartment and take care of him during the daytime. This would finally free me up so that I could work on a job and try to make some money. My mom and I went down to the social services office to apply for him to be on this particular Medicaid program.

After a short time, he was approved for this Medicaid program, and so we knew that he might be eligible to have a caretaker stay with him during the day. They set up an appointment to meet with us to assess whether he would qualify to have a caretaker come into the home. I answered all of their questions, and I was told on that day that my son would qualify for this program and that I needed to pick out a home health care agency that was going to work with us. I picked out an agency, and they told me that she would get in touch with me and come out to do the paper work very shortly. I was thrilled!

I met with the woman whom I had picked from their list, and we worked on the paperwork together. After we finished, she asked me if I was going to be the caretaker, and I was surprised. I asked her if I could be because I didn't know that a relative was eligible to be that person, and she told me that I could do the job since I lived in a separate apartment. I asked her some more questions, and then I decided that I would try it for now. I knew that looking for a job was going to be hard as I had not had a job since I became a parent, so I thought this might be the best thing for now. I already know what to do, and anyone else would have to be trained on how to handle the insulin reactions, seizures, autism, Intermittent Explosive Disorder and the OCD.

The downside to making this decision was that I wasn't going to get the break that I was looking for so desperately as a caretaker, but I reasoned out in my mind that no matter what job I found, it would probably be just as stressful. At least, I was now going to be getting paid, and with that extra money we could have a better life. I would no longer have to pinch pennies from our tight budget.

I was given timesheets and shown how to fill them out every two weeks and when I should FAX them. I started working on the timesheets from the time I met with her, but I was told that I couldn't FAX them in until I had been approved. It took a

few months before I was approved, but finally I was able to send them all of my timesheets so that I could get paid. I worked on paperwork so that I could get my paychecks directly deposited into my checking account. My first paycheck was a big one because it was for a few months of work. I couldn't believe that I was finally getting paid for all the work I had been doing for free since my son had turned 18 years old. I started to save up money for a lawyer for him, if we were able to find a lawyer who would take his case. My parents and he started making phone calls to try to find a lawyer, but what we started to find out was that it was going to be so expensive that I would never be able to save up the kind of money that would be needed to fight his case if he was ever going to be charged with downloading child porn. One lawyer told Brian that he would need \$10,000 up front to begin with, and that he would be charging even more later on. My parents found out from other lawyers that overall it would probably be around \$300,000 just to represent him if he was charged with this crime. We slowly started to realize that we couldn't afford a lawyer, and that he was going to have to ask for a public defender if they arrested him and charged him with this crime. My \$9 an hour job was not going to be enough to ever save for a lawyer, so I gave up on even trying to save some money for his legal issues. I knew we were just too poor to ever be able to hire a lawyer for him.

The next year and three months we lived in fear that the police could come at anytime with a search warrant and that we would have to live through another police raid again. We also worried that they could come to arrest him at any time since they had evidence on his computer, and he had given them a confession. It is horrible to live with that kind of fear as everyday you feel like there is a storm brewing just above the horizon, only you don't know when or if it is ever going to hit your house. You wait and wait hoping for a miracle, but knowing that every day that goes by is getting us one step closer to a nightmare that can happen at any time of the day or night. Every time we saw a police car ride through our neighborhood, we wondered if this is going to be the day that something terrible is going to happen. We didn't want to think about it, but how could we not?

Meanwhile, we tried to get back to a normal life, if that was even possible. I was talking to a friend on Facebook who was just starting to self publish children's books, and I started asking her questions about how she was able to do this. I



found out that there were companies where you can self publish your books for free, and that they would open up a website on their shopping network so that you can sell your books. They would take a certain percentage, but they could print out your book and distribute it to customers. I started doing my own research to find out more about these self publishing companies, and I became amazed at the thought that I could self publish books without any costs to me.

I had written a few books before the police raid and had been putting them on free websites and a place called Scribd that allowed people to read independent books for free on the internet. I never tried to publish my books because I was afraid that it would affect Brian's Medicaid, and then he wouldn't be able to get good health care or afford his medicines. At one point, I decided to total up how much his medicine and diabetic supplies were each month, and it was around \$1,000 dollars a month. If I had published books, I would have had to report what my monthly earnings were since Brian and I lived in the same household back then, and it would have reduced his SSI, and it might have affected his Medicaid. I thought this might create more of a mess for us if I had to continually report my book sales each month. It just wasn't worth it to me to try to publish my books because I didn't know how it would affect Brian. I've heard a lot of horror stories where people made too much money to get Medicaid and yet not enough to afford health care. I didn't know if my books would sell a lot or not, and so it was too much of a gamble for me and Brian.

Now I was in my own apartment so my income did not affect him, and I could earn as much as I wanted. I was already getting paychecks for being a caretaker, and now I decided that I wanted to try and see if my books could sell on the open market. It was now worth the risk because I had literally nothing to lose. I could self publish them with no cost to me, and so if they sold that would be good, and if they didn't, then at least I wasn't losing money for a book publishing company so there would be no pressure on me at all. This was a win, win situation. I had written a book about what it was like to raise an autistic kid as a single parent years ago, and so I thought this is a book that I would love to publish. It is a book that could help young parents with autistic children to realize that they are not alone, and that they can get through this just like I had. It would show them that autistic

children can overcome many obstacles, and that many autistic traits can disappear or reduce over time.

There was just one problem though, my book only covered up to my son becoming an adult, and it didn't tell about how he was able to start up a popular website and YouTube channel that was getting thousands of hits a day. He had run his website for three years, while writing as a journalist many informative articles about government corruption from around the world. He interviewed many people, including a presidential candidate who was running for the Constitutional Party. His website had become very popular with people who wanted alternative news, and he would do a bunch of research so that he could write articles informing people about what was going on with the new world order agenda. I wanted to show people that someone with autism is capable of doing such extraordinary things with their life, and even though he was setup and forced to end his career as an alternative news journalist, he had been accomplishing some wonderful goals for himself at such a young age. I was so proud of his past accomplishments and so I wanted to share that in my book about him. I quickly wrote another chapter to talk about his work on his website for three years, but I didn't write about how he was setup.

I published the autobiography, a book about my research of the RH negative blood type and a book of poems within about six months after we had moved. My books were now for sale on Amazon and Kindle Books. I started to see sales immediately on my RH negative book every month, but the autobiography was only selling once in awhile, and my poetry book has never sold not even one copy. Later on, I was able to publish some more books based on my research into science and math in the Bible. A couple of these books were also selling every month, and over the years I have seen a steady increase in book sales as more people become aware of my books and have watched my YouTube video channel. This has become a secondary job and another source of income for me for the past four and half years.

This time period became a rebuilding within my life, and I was now able to take care of Brian and still earn money at the same time, and so I find it ironic that the worst experience that ever has happened to me has actually led to some of my best experiences in my life so far. This has been a paradox of how something really

bad can lead to something so good, and I am at a loss to try to explain how this has happened. I can only give all the credit to God. It's just one of those situations where I moved to a place where I could get my son on a program that would benefit us both and with now living in a separate apartment, I could publish my books without affecting his SSI and Medicaid. I would say that it was more about us moving to a place where we could have new opportunities to grow and transform our lives for the better. Also my parents had been fortunate enough to find a good deal on four apartments a few years ago, and that happened to benefit Brian and me at a time when we needed it the most. I am so grateful to my parents for sharing two of their apartments with us when we desperately needed a new home. My parent's apartments had been a refuge for us to run to when we were forced to find a safe place to live while we waited to find out what was going to happen to my son.

Even though I was paying rent to my parents, it wasn't nearly what they could have charged us for rent, and I was grateful to them, so I was able to start saving a lot of money for the first time in my life. I was originally saving for a lawyer for Brian, but after finding out that it would be impossible to save the amount of money that a lawyer would cost, I started to think of what else I could do with this money. I didn't need to buy anything because our apartments were furnished, and so I started to think about how maybe we should do some traveling while we still could. My parents wanted to take a trip up north to all of the northern states on the eastern coast, and I wanted to go with them, and we all could share the cost of gas. In the spring we took a trip all the way up to Maine, and we all got to see some states that we had never seen before. We saw many lighthouses along the way, but my favorite were two lighthouses in Maine along the rocky beach shores. It was breathtaking to see the waves spraying way up into the air as they hit the rocks along the high cliffs and to see the lighthouses perched just above the cliffs to guide the sailor's to land and warn them of the rocky seashores below. It seemed almost like an analogy of us letting Jesus Christ guide us with his light through the dangerous and rocky situation that we had been thrust into just nine months before. In this trip we were guided to these amazing scenic lighthouses, but in real life God and Jesus were like our own personal lighthouse who helped us to navigate through the most treacherous journey that I had ever traveled in my life so far.

I was able to realize a childhood dream on that trip as we visited a place that I had heard about years ago on a TV program and that I had read about in books. We went to a place called *America's Stonehenge* in New Hampshire, and I was so excited to see ancient ruins that were of unknown origins. There are many theories as to what these ruins were and how old they were, but I could intuitively feel that they must be ancient because that was the vibe that I got from the stone littered landscape. There were manmade caves and shelters made out of stone and stone fences lining the landscape as far as I could see. When I was a child, I had read of archeological sites like this one, but it was nice to see this for myself. I also got the opportunity to interview the owner on my video camera to put on my YouTube channel, so I was really thrilled to find out more from the owner about what he had learned about this ancient archeological site. Brian helped me with recording the interview, and we quickly had to come up with some questions to ask him. I think we both did a really good job with an impromptu interview. We also saw a replica of a huge stone with a knight drawing carved into its face in the museum there, and it made me think about the theories that the Knights Templar came to America. I had such a wonderful time there and so did my son.

We were also able to visit an archeological treasure in Rhode Island, which is now called the *Newport Tower*. There are many theories as to what this tower was in the past, and many believe it to be the pedestal to a windmill, but there has been recent evidence that suggest it has alignments to solstices and could possibly be a round tower that was built by the Knights Templar when Henry Sinclair was rumored to have made a journey to America before Columbus.

After we made that trip, it became a surreal experience in that my mom was working on our family tree and made a surprising discovery involving the Sinclair family. She was astonished when she was led to a branch on our tree that had the Sinclair family, which ended up leading to our great grandfather Henry Sinclair himself. We thought about how we saw all of these archeological anomalies that was possibly some proof for Henry Sinclair's historic journey to America, and now we found out that we were directly related to him ourselves.

As months went by, we started to feel safer because we had not been raided, and no one had come by the home to arrest Brian. We were still jittery about what could happen in the future, but we tried to enjoy every moment that we could not

knowing what may come. Being able to travel offered us a way to get our mind off of our troubles and to relax and enjoy life for a little while. If this was the calm before the storm, then, by God, we were going to enjoy it while we still could. Of course, my son was still trying to work on his case to prove his innocence, and we were still hoping that maybe he could find a pro bono lawyer because he kept trying to call law offices in an attempt to find someone who could help him. Unfortunately, when most lawyers heard what the case was about, they didn't want to help him unless we were willing to pay them thousands of dollars.

Brian had made some friends and was calling them from time to time. One woman whom he became friends with at that time had an autistic nephew who had been downloading music on the internet when he was 17 years old. It turned out that there was child porn mixed in with the music files he downloaded, and so his family went through a police raid too. They took his computer and found the porn in his music files. He was later arrested, and his family bailed him out of jail. They had been fighting his case with a series of lawyers whom they had hired, and his case kept being plagued with a bunch of continuances which kept his case going on and on for years. We learned that his parents were forced to separate because their son was not allowed to be around his own siblings because of the charge, and eventually his parents did get a divorce because of their unusual situation. It tore his family apart! His aunt whom my son had been talking to was also giving him money for lawyers, and at one point his aunt and uncle actually sold their dream home and purchased a lesser priced home to give him some more money. Many of his family members sacrificed deeply for him, but unfortunately years later we heard that the lawyers drained them of all their money they had, and this guy was charged with the crime. It was about 5 or 6 years later when they finally charged him. It's horrible how a 17 year old can be arrested and later charged for downloading child porn when he was only downloading music, and it was awful how it broke apart his parent's marriage and how his entire family had to sacrifice greatly for him.

Our present judicial system is not only tearing apart families and charging people who are innocent of crimes, but they are milking people of what little money they have in the hope that they can escape a tyrannical system that demands more and more of our American population to be put inside of the industrial prison complex.

## Jailed with Autism

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America is currently at the number one spot in statistics of having more of its own citizens in jail and prison than any other nation of the world, and it is the poor and the middle class who are suffering the most tragedies in this regard because most of us can't even afford the huge sums of money that is needed to hire a real lawyer.

Brian made another friend who had also been trying to fight the unconstitutional law of the NDAA, and he vowed that he would try to help my son as much as he could. There was also another friend that he made at this time who said she was working with *Reporters without Borders*, and she told him she wanted to help him; however, later on we realized that she was a fraud.

Brian's OCD was getting noticeably worse from month to month after the raid and his false confession. At that time, he was doing a four to five hour shower routine and about two hours for hand washing. Anytime we had to go anywhere, I had to wake him up extremely early in the morning just so he would have enough time to do his routines. It became very difficult for him and so much of his day was taken up by his obsessive routines. It became quite frustrating for my parents and me to have to endure the patience to wait for him each time we wanted to go somewhere together. It was obvious that the stress and anxiety of this situation was causing him so much emotional pain. He could barely function, but somehow we were still able to take trips and go places. His routines were not as elaborate on our trips; however, I did have to wake him up real early each morning on a trip just so he would have time to shower and get ready for the day.

That summer we went to Stone Mountain in Georgia, and I was able to visit with a friend whom I had met on the internet. We had been friends for about two years. We had a wonderful time there and very much enjoyed the laser and music show at night that they have there in the summertime. For the first time, I was able to explain to her about what had happened to my son and me in 2012, so that she could understand why we had moved so suddenly and about why I had been a little more distant towards her after the raid happened.

I decided that I wanted to take a cruise since I had never been on one before, and I thought that my son would love it too. Our only obstacle was that we had to get a passport, and so we thought we could at least try to apply for him and just see what would happen. He had not been charged with a crime at this point, so we figured



that he should still be able to get a passport, unless they had already started the legal paperwork to charge him. We also thought that this would be a good test to see if anything was going on with his case. We were pleasantly surprised to see that his passport application had been approved, and that we would be able to go on a cruise to some other countries.

That summer my parents, son and I went on a cruise to Mexico, Belize and Honduras which left from Port Canaveral in Florida. It was the most interesting vacation that I have ever had before because I was able to visit two Mayan ruins. I will never forget our adventure in the jungles of Belize in which we experienced climbing a Mayan pyramid all the way to the top with Howler monkeys howling the entire time. It seemed almost surreal as we climbed the stairs in the back of the pyramid with no handles to hold and were finally able to make it to the top where we could see the whole Mayan village and Guatemala in a distance. When I was a child, I used to read archeological books, and I would dream of being able to explore an archeological site some day but never really thought that this would be a possibility in my life.

This vacation was a dream that came true for me. It gave all four of us a chance to forget just a little bit about the stress that we had been under ever since the police raid and my son's false confession. Climbing that ancient pyramid seemed somewhat symbolic of the journey that lay before us as we attempted to climb the biggest obstacle that had ever been thrown into our path in life. Would we ever be able to pass over this obstacle? Time would give us the answer.

In the fall, I was able to meet with a friend whom I had been talking to for about a year online. She was a substitute teacher and a sculptor. We met with her at a museum, and I got a chance to really get to know her better. She gave me a sculpture of an Egyptian ankh that she had carved from white alabaster, and in the back she had carved my name in Egyptian hieroglyphics. I was so impressed with her!

We also decided to take a second cruise to the Bahamas in the fall from the port in Charleston, South Carolina. It was interesting because I was able to also realize another childhood dream that I had. When I was a child, I had watched a show called *Flipper* and dreamed about what it would be like to swim and play with a



dolphin. I saw an excursion that included not only seeing dolphins, but swimming with them as well. I booked the excursion for Brian and me, so that we could experience being close to a dolphin. We had a beautiful adventure swimming with the dolphins for a full 15 minutes, and then afterwards we were allowed to do two tricks with the dolphins. Once we had finished the swim, we were called over towards the pier so that we could have pictures taken with the dolphins. We got to hug and kiss a dolphin for the photos. It was simply amazing!

Unfortunately that night my son had a terrible seizure and projectile vomited profusely in our small cabin. It was such a severe seizure, and at one point I was wondering who I could call on a cruise ship to help, but very shortly he recovered from the seizure. It was such a scary experience to wake up to the sound of a seizure in the middle of the night, and especially after having experienced such a beautiful day before with the dolphins. We haven't taken a cruise ever since that time, and I would be afraid to because I wonder what would happen in the case of a medical emergency.

All of these wonderful trips were like the calm before the storm, and I find it quite interesting that even though we had been through the worst experience in our lives the year before, we were now enjoying the very best experiences that life had to offer us. I was finally getting a paycheck; we moved into our own individual apartments; I was publishing my books, and we were able to travel to some really amazing places. All of these changes contrasted the year before so dramatically when we were struggling to pay our bills and then endured the most horrific experience of our lives. It was like the difference between night and day! How could I have the worst thing that has ever happened to me followed months later by the very best things that could have ever happened to me? But, this was the paradox that we experienced during the year following the police raid and interrogation. The only way that I can explain what had happened to us is to say that God was working some miracles within our lives.

Brian started to feel more confident that he was not going to be charged, and so he started to complain about wanting to get his computers back from the police. He had lost some precious photos that he had taken of trips in the past, and so he wanted to get them back. We tried to tell him that we didn't think that they would return the computers that they had found nothing on, because they had explained to

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us before that if they find something, then they would not return any of the stuff that they took from us. I never fully understood that though, because I know they have to keep evidence, but why were they not allowed to return the other computers that had nothing on them? This seems to me to be a blatant crime of thievery that police departments are allowed to perpetuate on the unsuspecting public.

The friend that I had met at the museum told my son that he can hire a lawyer to get his computers back that had no illegal files on them. He kept bugging me to get a lawyer for this purpose until I finally agreed to pay for a lawyer. He called around and found a lawyer who would write a letter on his behalf to try to get his other computers returned and mine as well. The lawyer sent the letter to the police department, and we waited to hear their response.

It was somewhere during that time span that I was starting to feel more secure and like maybe they wouldn't charge my son, so I made a very important decision for myself. I decided that I wanted to date someone, after I had been single for about 21 years of my life. It made me feel like a teenager all over again, and I quickly fell in love.

In the meantime, my son had met another lawyer online who was trying to help him, so she started to check around about his case. We got a call from the police department, and the detective said that he can come down to get his computers. We were all so thrilled that now Brian and I could get our stuff back, but it turned out that again there was something way more nefarious going on at the police department. Ironically the date that was set for him to pick up his stuff was on unlucky Friday the thirteenth, and that should have been a clue to us. Brian got a call from the lawyer friend that he had met online, and she told him that she looked up his case on Pacer and found out that there was an arrest warrant out for him. She told him that there was nothing that she could do to help him now that they already had a warrant for him.

Here is what my stepdad wrote about the phone call that day: I have deleted the names involved.

*Monday, December 9, 2013*

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*I (Brian's grandpa) received a telephone call from the \_\_\_\_\_, NC Police Department at approximately 12:55p.m. on Monday, December 9, 2013. Detective \_\_\_\_\_ asked to speak with Brian. I advised him that he was here, but was unavailable at the present time and asked if there was anything I could do for him. He told me the Police Department had received a letter from an attorney concerning the items belonging to my grandson, and that he could come and pick up the items they had. He informed me the \_\_\_\_\_ Police Department had most of his items, and no charges were being filed. I reaffirmed what he said and said "No charges are being filed against Brian," and his response was that the \_\_\_\_\_ PD would not be filing any charges, but he did not know if the SBI would be filing any. He said Brian could come to the Police Department on Friday, December 13, 2013 at 10:00 a.m. and pick up the items. He said Brian would need to personally come to pick them up, and sign for them, and that he would have to go over each item, one at a time, then sign for them. He advised me that if he was unable to pick them up this Friday, it will be some time after Christmas before someone will be available to give them to him. I told him we would be there on Friday Morning. He was very polite, and I explained to him that Brian has Autism, and this has affected him in numerous ways, and that after the search of his house was made, that he refused to enter his house, and had moved to \_\_\_\_\_. He asked if we were his grandparents, and I said we were. He then asked if Brian's mom had also moved here, and I also told him she had.*

*This conversation was very polite and friendly, Detective \_\_\_\_\_ thanked me and told me to have a good day, and we ended our conversation.*

The police detective had lied to my stepdad when he told him that my son could pick up his stuff because this was just a ruse so that they could arrest him. I have always found it a bit strange that they were going to arrest him on Friday the thirteenth, as that had a historical meaning for bad luck after the Knights Templars were arrested on Friday the thirteenth in October of 1307. Our very heritage led back to the Sinclairs and the Knights Templars after some of them managed to flee to Scotland. Now it seemed as if my own son was being persecuted because he was writing articles about government corruption and had publically declared from his website of three years that he was fighting the new world order. It seemed like more than a coincidence that they would pick that day to arrest him.

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Brian became really upset, and he started to freak out after he learned that there was an arrest warrant out for him. There were bouts of anger, and he started talking about committing suicide. He was acting completely crazy, which I understood, but we were fearful that he would attempt suicide. He had access to insulin for his diabetes and in the state of mind he was in, we feared that he would try to harm or kill himself by injecting too much insulin. We made the decision that he needed to be put in a mental hospital immediately, but we knew that he would not agree to going to one. We found out that we would need to go to the magistrate and make a plea to get an Emergency Custody Order (ECO) for police officers to carry him to the hospital for a mental health evaluation. The magistrate approved the order, and so we went home to wait for the police to pick him up. I still remember what it was like to see him for the first time in handcuffs as I watched from the window upstairs as the policeman escorted him out to the squad car. I felt so guilty that we had to do that to him for his protection, but we had to do something because I could not watch him day and night to see if he was going to harm himself. At least, I knew that he was going to a safe place.

We went to the hospital after the police took him away and were able to go back into the emergency room to be with him. We told the nurses about how there was an arrest warrant out for him, and another policeman that was at the hospital offered to look it up to see if there was a warrant. After he looked it up, he informed us that there were no warrants out for him in our last state, nor in our current state, so we assumed that maybe this was some kind of a sick prank. The intake nurse asked us if that was the only reason why we were here, and we told her it was the main reason; however, there were other issues that my son had been experiencing ever since the police raid and interrogation. We thought that he still needed to have a mental health evaluation due to the mental stress he had been experiencing for quite awhile now and how it had been impacting his behavior and especially with the excessive OCD routines. After the mental evaluation, the staff decided to admit Brian to the mental ward of the hospital.

My stepdad decided to call the police department on Friday the thirteenth to tell the police detective that we were not coming to pick up the computers because his grandson was in the mental hospital. This is when the detective finally told him the truth that there was a warrant out for his arrest. We were devastated when we

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found out that what the lawyer told us was indeed correct. We wondered if he could be arrested from the mental hospital, or would they wait until he had been discharged.

This is what my stepdad wrote about the call with the police detective:

***Friday Dec 13, 2013***

*On Friday, Dec 13, 2013, I called the \_\_\_\_\_ Police Department at approximately 9:30am to let them know my grandson is in the hospital and will not be able to come pick up his belongings from them. The Officer I spoke with, \_\_\_\_\_, said "That's ok, we turned everything over to the state SBI, and they issued a federal indictment against him through the US Attorney's office, so there is a warrant out for his arrest. A US Federal Marshall or the Dept of Homeland Security will probably be coming to your house to arrest him. Make sure you tell them the truth, because lying to a Federal Official is a federal offense." I said, "I understand, and he is in the hospital, so I'll let them know when they show up".*

*Detective \_\_\_\_\_ was less friendly during this conversation than he was when I originally spoke with him on Monday, Dec 9, 2013, this statement was after him telling me on Monday that no charges were being filed against Brian, even though the date on the Arrest Warrant is Nov 26, 2013.*

The detective was clearly lying to all of us, but I find it offensive that he made a point to tell my stepdad that he must tell the truth. Spoken like a true hypocrite, he finally laid out all the cards on the table, so that we could see his lying poker face was finally telling us the truth. I thank God for leading my son to the lawyer whom he found online, and if it were not for her, he would have been arrested by those lying back stabbing police officers. It would have been much worse if that had happened!

On December 18, 2013, a Homeland Security agent called the house and asked for Brian, but my stepdad informed him that he was in the hospital. He told my stepdad that he had a federal arrest warrant for Brian and told him that he should turn himself into them. He threatened coming to \_\_\_\_\_ and start kicking down doors to find him and even if he was in the mental hospital. It was obvious to us

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from this call that they had absolutely no regard for my son's mental health condition whatsoever.

Here is what my stepdad wrote about his telephone conversation with the Homeland Security agent:

*On Wednesday, December 18, 2013, I received a telephone call at approximately 1:06pm from a telephone in the 336 area code. A male individual asked for Brian David Hill. I informed him that he was not here and that he was in the hospital. He asked if he admitted himself and I answered, "I guess so". He then advised me that he had a federal issued arrest warrant for him, and told me that it would be better for him if he turned himself in, and asked if he had a lawyer or representative. I told him I did not know. He said he didn't want to, but if he had to he would come to \_\_\_\_\_ and kick in doors until he found him, even if that meant going to a Psychiatric hospital and kicking in their door. He also wanted to know about his diabetes, and said he wanted to make sure they had all his medication when they arrested him. He advised me to give him the message, but as of this date, December 18, 2013, I have not seen or talked with him. Before hanging up, he told me to contact him, Special Agent \_\_\_\_\_ of the Dept of Homeland Security at \_\_\_\_\_ until Friday, and after that to contact Special Agent \_\_\_\_\_ of the NC State Bureau of Investigation, but he did not give me his number. He asked if I had any questions, I said "No", and we ended the conversation.*

We all braced for the storm that we knew was coming in the distance, as we could see that this dreaded event that we had feared greatly was about to happen at any moment now. We knew that the calm before the storm was over, and now we had to prepare for the disaster that would soon come. It was going to be a culmination of all those fears that we had been carrying around with us for the last year and four months, as we waited nervously for the inevitable to happen. We spent a restless night knowing of the threat that Homeland Security could be coming to the house at any time in the day or night and possibly would be knocking down our doors in the process of storming through the apartments to look for my son to arrest him. We wondered if they would come to the apartments or to the hospital. We were soon going to find out.



### The Arrest

Do you know that awful feeling that you get when you know something really horrible is about to happen and yet you are powerless to do anything to stop it from happening? This was the persistent feeling that my parents and I were having. You wait and wait for this bad storm that is coming, while warnings of danger are popping into your mind consistently. Those thoughts replay obsessively over and over in your mind until you are plagued with overwhelming feelings of sadness and despair. In that moment, you are completely terrified that you will go crazy when this event happens, and there is no where that you can run and hide. You have to face that moment, but you can't. Your mind stirs with every terrifying possibility that could ever happen, and you are locked in a state of worrying and panic. Nothing could ever prepare you for that moment, but yet you are forced to accept the inevitable storm that is coming in the distance, and once it hits you, the destruction that it leaves in the wake of the event will be life altering.

I had imagined in my head many different scenarios that could happen when Homeland Security comes to arrest my son. The threat of them coming to our town and start "kicking in doors" had me feeling that they would forcibly come into the house knocking down the front door, as they pointed guns at us, while in an attempt to look for my son throughout the whole apartment complex. Or perhaps, they would go directly to the hospital and knock down the doors to the mental ward and storm in upon the unsuspecting patients, nurses and doctors while yelling at them to turn over a fugitive from the law. Patients would freak out and start running all over the place, while they searched each room to try to find him. You can't even begin to imagine what worries a person after they are threatened with the phrase that they will come to where you live and start "kicking in doors" if they have to in an attempt to find Brian. Keep in mind that we are talking about an unarmed autistic man with a chronic illness who has never been involved with a violent crime in his life, and was recently admitted to the mental hospital for wanting to commit suicide. This threat had us scared so much and to the point that it created panic inside of me. I feared for my son and for us because I had no idea what to expect nor did I know when they would be coming to our city.



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On December 20, 2013, I got a call from a nurse at the hospital who told me that my son was arrested by Homeland Security, and she told me to expect a call from Homeland Security later on that day. I asked her how he was during the arrest, and she told me that at first he was agitated, but that he later calmed down.

There was almost a sigh of relief after I got that call because what I had imagined in my head was much worse than how the arrest actually occurred. We went to the hospital afterwards to talk to the staff to find out what had happened, and we wanted to make sure that my son was alright. Two nurses spoke to us, and one of them was understandably extremely nervous and upset. They weren't allowed to tell us very much about the arrest, and it was obvious to us that the one nurse wanted to say so much more, but that they were not permitted to tell about what happened for some unknown reason. I asked if he was okay when they left, and she said "yes", and then I asked if he was read his Miranda rights, and she said that they were unable to tell us anything.

In the afternoon, I finally got the call that I had been anxiously waiting to happen, and the officer told me that they had taken him to a local jail that was about an hour from our home. He also informed me that there would be a detention hearing on Monday at the Federal courthouse, and that we should be there by 11:30 am. He asked me if we could pick up Brian's belongings while we were there, and I told him that we would. I was informed that we would be able to visit him and that I should check the jail's website for the visiting hours. He did let me talk to Brian for a little bit, and I noticed that he sounded calm, which helped put my mind at ease temporarily. He told me that he had all of my son's medicines and that there was a nurse at the jail who could help him with his diabetic care. I also asked him if he was aware of Brian's autism, and he said that he knew about his disability. Brian's grandpa was also on the phone line, and he asked why a deputy sheriff had been unable to find the arrest warrant for him on their computer, and the officer said that they knew where he resided, therefore; there was no need to put the warrant out on the wanted list. He also said that they only put it out into the nationwide system when the person leaves their home and state.

That evening we got two calls from Brian, but the phone line cut out, so we checked around on the internet and found out that he couldn't contact us because we needed to open up a Pay Tel account and put money into the account before he

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could call us. This put us into a situation where we were unable to talk to him on the phone, because we could not setup the account until we could contact him to let him know that he could now call us on the Pay Tel system. This was the first time that my son had ever been unable to talk to us, and I felt a sense of hopelessness engulf me as I realized that he was on his own for the first time ever in his adult life.

I was completely devastated and so were my parents, and all I did was worry over Brian's situation for the rest of the day and night. I can remember that the three of us talked about what we needed to do, and we prepared a plan for what we should do to help him. For the first time since the police raid, I realized that I needed to tell the rest of my close family about what had been happening to us. I decided to contact my sister and dad to let them know about what had happened to him, and even though it was hard to write to them about this awful situation, somehow I dug deep inside of me and found the courage to let them know what had been happening to us for the last year and four months.

We checked the jail's website to find out when we would be able to visit him, and we found out that we could visit him on Saturday morning according to the schedule on the website. We made the decision to go over to the jail to try to visit him, and my mom thought about printing up a list of his many diagnoses to alert the jail staff about his situation. My sister decided that she would meet us there as well, and so we were finally able to explain to her in detail about what had been happening. Unfortunately, we were not able to visit my son because we were told that visiting him was only possible on Tuesday. Again we all felt defeated and powerless because there was nothing that we could do to help him, and we realized that he was on his own in a place that I never wanted him to be. I worried excessively about his health and about how he would be able to adapt to a prison environment with his autism and OCD.

Here is what my mom wrote about that visit.

### **Saturday Dec. 21, 2013**

*From Brian's grandma: His mom and both grandparents went to the county jail at \_\_\_\_\_ at about 10 am, and his aunt met us there. When the person from Homeland Security called his mom yesterday, he said it would be a*

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*good idea to visit Brian, and she could look on the website to find the visiting hours. We did that, and we found out visiting hours were Saturday morning 9:00 – 11:30 AM. We went to the receptionist desk at the jail, and she informed us that we could not visit him that day. She said that he was in unit 8D, and only 2 people could visit him per week and only on Tuesday. She gave his mom a paper with visiting hours. We could not see him that day at all even though we had come an hour away to visit him. I brought a 5 page report with his health concerns and diagnosis, list of his medicines and many professionals and physicians and organizations who have worked with him from 1992 (when he was first diagnosed with type 1 insulin dependent diabetes) to 2013 and another sheet of paper to give to the courts about the seriousness of his health. The receptionist said she would give these to the nurse. I also brought a Christmas card to give to Brian. She said they could not accept anything for him. I would have to mail that.*

It was just four days until Christmas, and he was stuck in a jail cell without any of his family. He could not contact us, and we could not contact him. It was a year without Christmas for us that year, and I have to admit I wasn't thinking at all about Christmas being celebrated for Jesus birth, but I was thinking of his arrest, torture, mocking and his death on the cross. For the first time in my life I realized what Mary must have felt when her son was arrested and put in jail, so the story of Jesus arrest took on a whole new meaning for me. It is one thing to read that story in the Bible, but it is another to live it. I wondered about how Mary endured that experience and also about how God felt about his Son being persecuted for a crime he did not commit. I felt what it must have been like for them. I felt a connection to God that I had never felt before in our solidarity for having our children persecuted against. No parent should ever have to endure that emotional pain. That pain is beyond words....

Brian's hearing was on December 23, 2013 at around 1:30 in the afternoon in a Federal courtroom. The first time I saw him walk into the courtroom, I was in a state of complete and utter shock, and I tried hard to fight back the tears that wanted to come. He walked in slowly with his feet in shackles and his hands in handcuffs, and seeing his unkempt appearance sent shock waves through my body. I was so shaken up that I couldn't think, so all I could do was stare at him and try to get his attention or try to talk to him. I didn't want for him to feel all alone in

what he was going through, and I wanted him to know that his family didn't abandon him. Our hands were tied with this situation with the law, and we were forced into this separation. My son appeared very agitated, and it was obvious from the expression on his face that he was very angry at what was happening to him. He spoke out loudly in a statement proclaiming his innocence, as he said, "I am innocent. I am being set up." I was proud of him for saying what he said, and in that instant I knew that my son still had that fighting spirit that he had since his birth. After he sat down, he managed to whisper to us that the jail wasn't giving him his insulin. This explained why he looked so pale and exhausted, and we knew that his blood sugar had to be sky high. He also was able to tell us that they made him take off all of his clothes in a strip search and even videotaped him while he was in the nude. Suddenly I began to think about how Michael Jackson talked about this happening to him after they arrested him on suspicion of being a pedophile. I wondered why they would do this to him when no child had ever accused him of molesting them. It became very obvious to me that this all could be a form of torture against Brian. After he managed to tell us about all that had been happening to him, I was horrified when the Homeland Security agent came over to him to tell him something and then whisked him away quickly from the courtroom. It seemed as if the agent was not going to let him talk to his family, and that was after we had not been able to talk to him on the phone all weekend. I was infuriated over what they were putting Brian through, and how he was not even allowed to talk to us in the courtroom. When the agent brought him back into the courtroom, Brian was sobbing uncontrollably, and his family was not even allowed to go over and hug him to sooth him. That courtroom's policies seemed so cold and void of all human kindness, and it seemed like a microcosm of our world that had become so cold in the last few years. There is a severe lack of compassion in the American legal system, as prisoners and their families are treated with no respect or understanding. The agent had told him that he was not allowed to talk to his family, and he told us that we could not talk to anyone in the room. The agent acted very distant and emotionally cold towards my son, and it was obvious from my son's crying that he had been very tough on him outside of the courtroom. My mom quickly thought about giving him a card that explained about autism and how they can give a false confession. We did see the agent reading the card, and we hoped that maybe now he would understand that Brian has a disability.

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Brian was finally able to talk to the judge, but this judge was unaware that he had autism, and my son had no autism advocate or even a lawyer to make the judge aware of his situation. The judge was also not aware that Brian had been denied his insulin over the weekend and that his blood sugar was probably dangerously high. Can you imagine him having to talk to the judge and make important legal decisions while his blood sugar was high after not getting insulin for the entire weekend? I don't really know how much Brian was able to even understand about what was going on in the courtroom much less express himself in the court of law. Add to the fact that even though his blood sugar was sky high, there was still the reality that his autism affects communication, so that would also affect what he would be able to understand. We were not allowed to speak in the courtroom, and there was no one there to help him by explaining his situation. The judge did appoint a public defender in his case, and so we were starting to feel confident that now he would get someone that could help him in his defense against these horrible allegations and his false confession.

Sadly, even though we held out so much hope that his lawyer would defend him in the courtroom; that was not going to happen. We were about to see just how broken the American legal system has become.

As soon as we got back home, we began to try to find some help for him, and one of us called his doctor to try to get the doctor to call the jail about his not getting his insulin shots. His doctor wasn't even aware that he had been checked out of the mental ward at the hospital and was arrested by Homeland Security. The receptionist assured us that the doctor would be sure to call the jail to tell them about Brian's diabetes and his insulin regiment. However, we got a call back later, and the doctor blatantly refused to call the jail to tell them about his insulin. She had been a recent doctor of just a few months, but after that call, I realized that if Brian came back, then we would not be going back to that doctor ever again. I felt that there was a sense of discrimination and a judgmental attitude on the doctor's part, and so I did not ever want for him to go there again.

His grandmother's notes on what happened with the court hearing:

*Brian's Court appearance was today, Dec 23, 2013 at approximately 1:30. When the officer brought him into the courtroom in shackles and handcuffs, he was*

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*visibly shaken and disheveled; he was very agitated and upset. He said, "I am innocent. I am being set up". He looked very tired and pale. He managed to whisper to us, his Mother, Grandmother and Grandpa that they were withholding his insulin, and the way he looked, I would say they were not giving him his medicines that were prescribed from the psychiatric unit of the \_\_\_\_\_ Memorial Hospital, even though the nurse sent his insulin and a list of his medications with the homeland security agent when he was picked up on Friday, Dec 20, 2013. He also managed to tell us they strip searched him and made him take all his clothes off and videotaped him. While he was whispering to us, the Federal Marshall that brought him in said something to Brian and then took him from the courtroom. When they returned, Brian was crying, and sat in the courtroom and sobbed loudly for several minutes. The Federal Marshall ignored his crying and acted very dis-interested. Brian's grandmother gave the Federal Marshall a card explaining that Brian had Autism and he said he would give it to the jail. The officer told my grandson he could not speak to us again, and he told us not to talk to anyone in the room. He talked to the judge and appeared in court without an autistic advocate even though we told everyone involved with his case that he had autism. We did give the paper describing autism and what to expect to this very cold Federal Marshall who acted satisfied to have it and read it.*

*The Judge told my grandson he was facing a sentence of 1 year or longer because of the charges against him. He appointed an attorney for him. The attorney's name is \_\_\_\_\_, Asst. Federal Public Defender. We called the doctor's office. No one had told the doctor about homeland security removing my grandson from the hospital. The receptionist said the doctor's office will be sure and call the jail at \_\_\_\_\_ to tell them about his insulin. Just saw his arrest photo on the Internet. It says that he is denied bail. The doctor called us back and said she would not call the jail about his insulin. This is a fairly new doctor who does not really know him but does know that he has brittle diabetes.*

We saw Brian's mug shot on the internet and in his photo he was partially smiling, and he had a blank stare in his eyes that is so evident of someone with autism who is not connecting with the world. Unlike most mug shots where the person is frowning, he had been taught to smile for the camera, and so that was what he did, but his eyes revealed how "out of it" he was at the time of his arrest. We noticed



that the website said that he was denied bail, but we didn't know the reason why they would do that to him.

We had been in contact with some of his friends following his arrest, and there was a group started for him on Facebook to help gain support for his public plea of innocence. We were writing to a few of his friends and trying to keep them informed on what was going on with him, as well as keeping the group informed. We had started making notes to document what was happening to him, and we made a timeline at the request of one of his friends for the purpose of having documentation of the events that had occurred since the police raid. We told his friends about how Brian said that they had not given him insulin over the weekend, and that his doctor refused to call the jail. One of his friends suggested that we start calling the new jail, and in addition she said that she and her friends as well as other members of the group would start calling the jail to make them aware that he was diabetic and that he needed his insulin and that not giving him his insulin would kill him. Together the group flooded the jail with phone calls about his diabetes, and my parents faxed a paper about Brian's many diagnoses and about his brittle diabetes, along with the names of the doctors involved with his care.

On December, 24, 2013, my friend and I went to the new jail to try to register to visit Brian, and I was so much hoping that I would be able to see him on Christmas day. The jail website stated that all visitors had to go to the jail the day before to schedule a visit for the next day, so we went to schedule the visit for Wednesday, which was Christmas Day. I told the woman at the front desk that I wanted to register for a visitation the next day, and so she looked up my son's name. She told me that she didn't yet have his paperwork, so I was not allowed to register for a visitation on that day. Wednesday was the only day that we were allowed to visit him that week, so I knew that I was not going to be able to see him until the next week. While we were there though, I noticed that people were visiting through a video monitor, and that they weren't actually allowed to visit the person face to face. It seemed really cold to me that the visitations were done with a video screen, and that we couldn't even hug him if we visited. It seemed so distant and cold and like a technological Orwellian nightmare of the future, only that reality was here now.



## Jailed with Autism

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Here are the notes from that visit: We were posting these on Brian's Facebook support group to let his friends know what was happening.

**Tuesday Dec. 24, 2013**

*The website for the \_\_\_\_\_ jail states that visitors have to go to the jail the day before to schedule a visit. We went to the \_\_\_\_\_ jail on Tuesday, Christmas Eve to tell them that we were going to visit Brian on Wednesday. We were informed that we would have to register for visitations before we could visit him. I told the woman that I wanted to register, and she looked up his name. She could not find the paper for Brian, so she asked me when he was brought here, and I told her that he was brought there on Monday. She said because she doesn't have the paperwork yet that I wouldn't be able to register, so therefore, I would not be able to visit him on Wednesday. Wednesday is the only day that we are allowed to visit him, so we will not be able to visit him.*

*Also we live in \_\_\_\_\_ which is over 50 miles away with a lot of traffic in \_\_\_\_\_. We did get the pay tel put on our phone. Called their phone company and found out collect calls are not blocked, so the call must have been blocked from the prison requiring the family to pay lots more dollars per month, but without Brian knowing about this, it will do no good. How do we let Brian know that he can now call us, and does anyone know how this works to tell him? None of us know anything about it. It looks like they are doing everything in their power knowing all of Brian's health issues to keep us from communicating with Brian at all.*

I found something very interesting just outside of the jail on the steps, and even though I was deeply sad that I would not be able to visit my son for the next week, I was given some hope in what I found. I noticed a shiny object on the steps, which got my attention, so I went over to get a closer look. It was a small shiny Star of David, which was likely used by someone in the celebration of Hanukkah, but somehow this small decorative star had been carried by the wind to just outside of the jail that Brian had been sent to after his detention hearing. I picked it up quickly and put it into my pocket for safe keeping. Many people would have dismissed this as a coincidence due to Hanukkah happening at that time, but I knew that there was something else going on with this star on the steps. I had been

a Solfeggio tones researcher for years and had been posting graphics of my work on Facebook for the last few years. One of the geometrical shapes that I had found encoded within these tones in the degree circle for the *Song of Degrees of David* was four Star of David shapes. It seemed rather odd that I would find a Star of David outside of this jail and just at a time when I needed some hope. I knew that God had sent that star to me for a purpose.

When I got home, I looked up more about the Star of David and found a website that said that the Star of David was on the shield that God gave to David to protect him in war. Brian's middle name is David, and so I knew that God had placed a shield around him that would protect Brian from this battle he was in within the American judicial system.

Just a few years before, Brian was sued by Righthaven LLC for a copyrighted photo of a TSA pat down search at an airport. This particular photo had gone viral on the internet but was being used by this legal company for the purpose of making a lot of money. Brian fought against that company valiantly and refused to pay them \$6,000 as a settlement. Amazingly a law firm from Colorado stepped in to help him with his fight, and he was represented by a pro bono lawyer named David Kerr. Even the international group called *Reporters Without Borders* got involved in Brian's fight and denounced the lawsuit against Brian, and they also demanded that it be dropped as it was a violation of freedom of speech. After Brian did research on the founder of Righthaven, it became quite apparent that this person had ties to some very important political figures in America. We wondered if this was the government's way of shutting up activists who speak up about corruption in our government. Righthaven eventually gave up and dropped the lawsuit against him because he started giving interviews to the press, which was ruining the reputation of this copyright troll. I can only guess at how shocked they were about what Brian did and especially since he has mild autism. Other activists, like the famous Alex Jones, settled with Righthaven when they got sued, but Brian, even with his disability and being poor, managed to fight them and win. One of Brian's friends described his win in this lawsuit as being like David defeating the giant Goliath. Brian fought against this giant corporate law firm, and he won. Later on, we read that many judges and other people being sued were also going against this law firm and eventually Righthaven went out of business. Brian was a

huge part of what brought them down due to his many interviews from the media. This lawsuit happened about a year before the police raid. Knowing how Brian fought a valiant battle against a giant corporate law firm, like David battled against the giant Goliath, it seemed obvious that God had put his shield of the Star of David on the steps of the jail to tell me that Brian would be protected in his current battle with the Federal judicial system.

Later on, we were to find out that even though Brian was imprisoned for about 11 months and tortured with inadequate health care, God had brought him through this horrible experience with only a few scrapes, bruises, scars and a broken nose, but he did survive. I believe he made it through the jail system, because God and his Angels protected him all that they could.

On the same day that I went to the jail to schedule a visit, I was called by someone in the judicial system about possibly being a *third party custodian*. I did not know what this meant, but she explained to me that even though Brian couldn't be released on bail until the trial, they could release him under home detention. This sounded good to me at first and, I was willing to be a third party custodian for Brian, until I found out all of the details. He would basically be released with a GPS tracker and would be forced to stay in his tiny apartment as a substitute jail cell. He would only be allowed to go outside of his apartment for doctors visits and to go to hearings. He would be released under conditions similar to parole, and he would also be placed under the sex offenders specific conditions. She informed me that she didn't know what the judge would decide, but that she was calling to see if perhaps that would be a possibility. She informed me that he would not be allowed on a computer or near any children and that he would not be allowed to use a phone. She asked me if I would report to them if he violated any of these conditions. She told me that Brian's apartment could be searched at anytime. She also asked all kinds of personal questions about our living arrangements with the apartments. When she found out that my parents owned the apartments, then she asked for their names. She asked how the apartments were arranged, and once she found out that three of them were interconnected by a shared hallway and stairs, she informed me that my apartment and my parent's apartment would also be subject to being searched at anytime. She said that my computers and my parent's computers would have to be checked by the parole

officer, and that they would all have to be password protected. Another question that she asked was if Brian or I owned any guns and I told her “no”, then she informed me that we would not be allowed to have guns in the apartments. This would take my parents and my constitutional rights away to own a gun if we did have any. I was also told that I would be responsible for getting Brian to the hearings on time and that if for any reason he was to show up late to a hearing or not at all that I would be charged a fee of \$10,000. I told her that I would need time to think about her question in relation to being a third party custodian. I do remember asking if someone else could be the third party custodian, and she said that another person could do it if someone else could be found. She told me that she would call back on Thursday.

That evening on Christmas Eve I finally got a call from the doctor at the prison, and he informed me that they were giving Brian two insulin shots a day. This concerned me because he normally took four shots at home, and that covered one for each of his three meals, as well as the long acting 24 hour insulin that covered in between his meals. He told me that he can’t follow Brian’s directions about his insulin regimen, because they had to follow what his doctor told them to do. I guess he was talking about the doctor at the mental hospital, because his primary doctor refused to call the jail. He then told me that I needed to relay this information to Brian’s support group that was calling the prison. It was noticeable to me that his main concern was not for Brian’s health, but to try to get all the people to stop calling the jail. The doctor sounded extremely nervous throughout the whole conversation.

After the call by Brian on January 2<sup>nd</sup>, we did not get a call from him on January 4<sup>th</sup> and January 6<sup>th</sup>, and we became really concerned. My stepdad called the jail to see what was happening and on January 7<sup>th</sup> the Chaplain at the jail called us to let us know that Brian had been moved to the maximum security part of the jail and that he was on lock down for 23 hours of the day. He told us that Brian informed him that he wanted to be moved back to the other jail. I learned later that he was put into what is called solitary confinement for his protection, but at that time I didn’t know what was going on. On January 9<sup>th</sup>, I finally got a call from Brian, and he told me that he was not told that he was on lockdown, and he said that the guards were avoiding his cell.

Here were the notes I made from that call.

### **Jan. 9, 2014**

Brian called:

- 1. He has a good doctor who is giving him his shots based on his carbs.*
- 2. He sent a letter to his lawyer.*
- 3. He bought a pencil and paper.*
- 4. He is getting the letters and cards.*
- 5. He wants an extension for a deadline on the Jan. 15<sup>th</sup>. (Legal)*
- 6. Brian says he was not told that he was on lockdown and that the guards were avoiding his cell.*
- 7. He does have a cell by himself and has soap and toilet paper now.*
- 8. He wants to get the search warrant thrown out.*
- 9. He gave a written authorization for his lawyer to talk to his family and friends.*

The authorization for his friends to talk to his lawyer actually kind of backfired on us and Brian, because after one of his friends talked to his attorney, he was so disgusted with this friend's involvement in Brian's case, and we noticed a huge change in how Brian's attorney began to interact with us.

This same friend said that he had got the Rutherford Institute to look into Brian's case, and that they wanted to talk to his lawyer and to us. They never called us like we were told that they would. Unfortunately, we never could figure out exactly what happened with Rutherford, other than they had contacted Brian's lawyer and they were going to assist him, but we never really saw where any of that ever materialized. I still don't know to this day why the Rutherford Institute dropped Brian's case, or if Brian's lawyer decided not to work with them. This will always be a mystery to me and my family.

For the next few days, we talked about whether I should be a third party custodian, so that Brian could come back to his apartment while he awaited his trial. On the one hand, we wanted for him to get out of there for the health concerns that we had over whether he was getting enough insulin, but on the other hand, we were afraid

of having our apartments randomly searched at anytime. It would be like giving away our own rights if he came back to the apartments. I was particularly afraid of having to pay a \$10,000 fine in the event if something went wrong, and we couldn't get to a hearing on time. People don't realize how much of a gamble that would be, since Brian was prone to having severe insulin reactions and seizures quickly and without any warning. I would worry about something happening on the way to court or what if Brian's hand washing routine pushed him into being late for a hearing, as he was often a few minutes late to doctor's appointments all the time. I was also concerned about having to report if Brian had violated any of his conditions because this would pit me against my son, and I did not want to take on a role of this nature that could possibly damage my relationship with my son. It would give me the responsibility of being a like a warden or a guard, and I did not want or even ask for that kind of responsibility.

There were many issues that we had about Brian possibly coming home under house arrest and all of these restrictions to wait for his hearing. I couldn't believe how they wanted to treat him like a criminal, even though he had not even been convicted. He had not even had a trial yet to prove his innocence, and yet he was being treated as if he was guilty until proven innocent. This goes against the legal principle that I had heard my whole life that a person is considered "Innocent until proven guilty." Putting him on the same conditions as the sex offender registry is like saying he is guilty and will be treated as such before he has his day in court. I also found it somewhat hypocritical, since he had been free for 1 year and four months after his false confession and them saying they found illegal files on his laptop. If they really believed his false confession and had found child porn on his computer after the police raid, then why didn't they arrest him on the day of the interrogation? Now suddenly after one year and four months of freedom, he was going to be treated as if he could harm a child while waiting to prove his innocence in the court. Keep in mind that no child has ever accused him of molestation, and that he was never around any children.

Meanwhile, we were communicating with Brian's friends and the support group that had been set up on Facebook. There were two people who were telling us what to do, and they had us working on various projects like making the timeline. Without that timeline I would have had trouble writing this book about events that



happened three years ago, so I am very grateful for that suggestion that was given to us. There were other projects that we began during this time to try to get Brian's story out in the public. At that time, it seemed good to keep busy. My mom and I each wrote an article about Brian and were trying to find ways to get our articles out there for people to see. Many of our group members were also trying to get Brian's story out there, and there were some of Brian's friends who wrote articles too and tried to contact people to make them aware of Brian's story. One member of the group actually worked on a video about Brian, and he did a wonderful job. I can remember that we also worked on writing a press release for the media, but then one day we were suddenly told that we shouldn't give out the press release just yet.

After days of contemplating about whether I should be a third party custodian, I decided that there was no way we could go along with the home arrest scenario with all of the restrictions that would be placed on Brian, me and my parents. I wasn't deciding just for my son, but I was deciding for my family, as to whether I thought this would be a positive or a negative thing to do. I had to also consider Brian's state of mind, and whether he might still be suicidal and having angry outbursts like he was before he was arrested. I knew that I was barely functioning and that I was dealing with really high blood pressure most days, and that my health was not good, so I also had to keep that in mind for myself. I knew that I had been burnt out as a caretaker for a couple years even before the police raid, and that I had been struggling to deal with the seizures before and after the raid. I also knew that my parents and I had been unable to deal with the emotional outbursts and suicidal tendencies before Brian's arrest, so I was unsure about what would happen if he came back home at this time without the psychiatric treatment that he so badly needed and was denied by Homeland Security. Everything got so bad before the arrest that we had to have him committed to the mental hospital. Of course, none of this was Brian's fault, as he was understandably very stressed out about what was happening to him. However, I knew that if he came back with the same anger, outbursts and suicidal impulses that he had before, then it would be even harder now because he would be under house arrest; and therefore, the stress would be even worse than it had been. I was afraid that he could try to commit suicide while under my care, and he would be armed with the insulin to do so.



I was also trying to clean up Brian's apartment after he was arrested, and it was even worse than when I had to clean his bedroom at the house that we left behind after the police raid. He was still not throwing away stuff and his living room was a wreck. I had a big mess to clean up, and because his OCD had gotten extensively worse after the police raid, the water damage to the kitchen and his bathroom was really bad. There were mold and rust issues to deal with at that time, and it was like another repeat of what I had to clean up at the house after the raid. For many days I went down there to work on cleaning up this huge mess. I felt really bad for all of the water damage that he had done to my parent's apartment.

I told some of Brian's friends in the group what I had decided, and I noticed that his friends did not understand and particularly one friend of Brian's that was about 20 or 21 years old acted like this was the wrong decision. I felt like I was being observed under a microscope from that point on and like I was being judged harshly for my decision to not be a third party custodian.

For the next two months, our lives became like a roller coaster of emotions, as we struggled to deal with the complexities of what was going on. My mom and I had to deal with extremely high blood pressure readings, as we were both concerned about Brian and everything that was going on with his case, and we would talk about it every day. After awhile, I was really starting to feel totally emotionally worn out, and it became increasingly harder and harder to think. I guess, I can look back now and realize that I was really starting to get deeper and deeper into a depression, but at the time I did not realize how much I was sinking into a pit of despair and sadness. I've often had to deal with depression off and on as a caregiver, but I was about to go into a severe depression like I had never experienced before in the year of 2014.

After a couple of months, it became increasingly harder and harder to focus on projects to help my son, and so my parents were increasingly taking on more and more of the projects on their own. I was struggling to maintain day after day with all of these odd emotions and kept finding it harder and harder to do more for him. Every day we were focused on what we could do to help Brian, and every other day I was talking to him on the phone. I tried to make notes every time he called and to let the group know how he was doing, but eventually I got tired of making those posts on Facebook and completely stopped altogether. I began to slow down

## Jailed with Autism

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on working on projects to help Brian because I didn't see how all of these projects were really helping him.

At first Brian had trouble adjusting to prison life, but eventually he was able to make some friends, and he got use to the routines there. Sometimes I would talk to him and he was happy, and other times he was sad or angry about something that had happened, so my moods would usually go along with his moods.

One night I woke up and felt like Brian's blood sugar was low, but I knew I was unable to help him because he was in jail. It had been an intuitive gift that I had as his mom and caregiver, because I would always wake up in the middle of the night and know that his blood sugar was low. It was either my intuition or God and the Angels guiding me, but somehow I was most of the time able to feel when he was having an insulin reaction in the middle of the night. This one night I felt strongly that something was not right, and it irritated me that I could not help him. This intuitive gift had suddenly become a curse. It was on that night that I said a prayer for Brian, and I asked for that gift to be taken away because I could not bear it anymore with not being able to help him.

I began to grow increasingly frustrated by all of the orders from about two or three people in the group, and I started to voice my concerns to my parents and to my surprise I found out that they were starting to feel the same way. This 20 or 21 year old guy was always telling us what to do, and then he would act judgmental when we didn't do everything that he wanted us to do. At one point, he asked us if we would scan all of Brian's letters that he sent to us from the jail including the envelopes and then send him the files and tape all phone conversations with Brian and send to him. We all agreed that we would do that, but after we got off the phone, we discussed what all was said and decided that we shouldn't be scanning Brian's private letters or recording our phone conversations to send to him. It sounded kind of creepy that he wanted to know everything that Brian was writing to us and saying to us, and we started to feel kind of paranoid about him and his agenda. He had also begun to target a good friend of mine whom I had met a couple months before Brian's arrest, as he felt like this person might be a spy, which I never believed. At one point, before Brian's arrest, he even had Brian believing that we were being spied on by this person.

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There were some eruptions that started to happen in the group after we quit listening to a couple of people who had been ordering us around, and finally the group began to implode from within. There were people getting paranoid about who was joining the group, and one guy took over at one point and started kicking people out of the group. It digressed to a point where some people in the group were saying that this wasn't real and that we were all actors. Then at some point in February the 20 year old wrote a nasty letter to the group proclaiming how bad Brian's family was and about how he could no longer work with us to help Brian. He painted a horrible picture of me and my parents that we were very selfish people to not take Brian in under home arrest. He wrote about how terrible of a mom I am to Brian and about how I don't care about him.

This came from someone who had never even met Brian or us personally, and yet he was judging me and his grandparents. He had never taken care of Brian, and yet he was elevating himself above Brian's family like he was better than all of us and had done more to help my son through all of this than we had. Brian knows who has been there for him most of his life, and it was not this 20 year old guy. His nasty letter is still on the support group page for all to read about how bad Brian's mom and grandparents are, but this guy is not there to help Brian now. His family is here for him though and always will be. We may not be perfect, and people may not always agree on the decisions we made in regard to Brian at that time, but we did the best that we could. I have always taken care of Brian in regards to his diabetic health and took care of him from a baby to an adult and beyond, but I decided that I could not and would not turn his apartment into a jail cell; and that I would not take the role of being his warden or guard for the Federal court system, and if that was a wrong decision and makes me a horrible mom, then so be it. His friends and people in the group can judge me on the decision that I made, but they have never walked in my shoes, so how would they even know what we have been through?

Brian decided that he wanted to get a mental evaluation, which could help his case, and so we looked up some places that this could be done and my mother found out about the Federal hospital prison at Butner. At one point, I had asked his lawyer if Brian could be moved there because of our health concerns, but he said "no": however, eventually Brian's mental evaluation was set up to occur at Butner

## Jailed with Autism

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Federal Prison. Brian's time at Butner Federal Prison was going to be some of the best and the worst of his experiences inside of the jail and prison system.

Somehow, we managed to survive the storm that had ravaged through our lives swiftly like a furious tornado that had left a devastating trail of destruction within my son's life and our lives as well. Brian was picked up by that swirling black mass of a tornado and thrown about carelessly like a leaf in the wind and deposited into another world that he had never seen or experienced before. There was no yellow brick road to follow or an Emerald City to find, but even though there were no evil witches attacking him at every turn, there were some inmates and guards attacking him verbally and physically. It became quite evident that Brian wasn't in the proverbial Kansas anymore. And all that Brian, his friends and family wished for was that he could soon come back home.

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### Butner Prison

The next three months were filled with moments of pure joy and extreme sadness for my son. If there had been an Emerald City to find in the industrial prison complex, then Butner was that place. It became more and more obvious that the Federal prison compared to the county jails was much more luxurious because Brian had access to amenities that he did not have in the county jails. He was able to work out in an exercise room and walk around a running track outside every day. In addition to these luxuries he also had access to a law library where he could do research for his own case, and it seemed as if he could spend a lot more time outside of his jail cell, which gave him the freedom to be social and make friends. We had so much hope that his mental evaluation would be the key to bringing him back home safely to us. We had hope that his psychologist would be like Glenda the good witch, and that she could just wave her magical wand in the form of a favorable report to help Brian find his way to return back home soon, but unfortunately that was not to be the case.

Brian was transported to Butner Federal Prison in February to get a mental evaluation, and we were hoping that they would put him in the hospital building within the complex; however, that did not happen. Instead, he got sent to the regular prison for his evaluation. He was taken there on the weekend and somehow his medical records were not with him for some unknown reason. The staff did not know that he was diabetic, even though Brian told them so and therefore, he did not get his insulin shots for that entire weekend. He began to get really sick quickly, and he started vomiting, and that was when they realized that he was diabetic just like Brian told them. He was tested for ketones and his blood sugar, and he was found to be in diabetic ketoacidosis. It was a repeat of what he went through when he got arrested by Homeland Security and was first put into jail.

I have heard many people before proclaim that prisoners get better health care than the rest of the American population, but people who say that have never been in jail or have never had a family member in jail, or they would know that this is simply not true. This is a myth that needs to be put to rest. Brian got lousy

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medical care in prison and in jail, and I think the medical staff in the jails and prison that my son went to were all somewhat negligent. I found out from my son's experience that prisoners often get inadequate health care and a reduction in their medicines as compared to people on the outside.

At first the phone calls that I was getting seemed quite upbeat and positive, but as time passed by it became obvious that other prisoners were causing problems for my son. Unfortunately, this led to many awful circumstances for Brian as time went by at Butner prison.

It took a few months for Brian to get his evaluation, so he stayed there for quite some time and with that precious time, he did take advantage of the law library to help him write motions to send to the court on his behalf. Brian started to act more like a lawyer, and his motions, although hand written, sounded really professional. He was starting to take an interest in learning more about law, and some inmates took notice and were asking questions about their cases. He had become the jailhouse lawyer for his unit.

The first time that we visited Brian at Butner I was shocked to see how much weight he had lost, as we had only been talking on the phone for his first 2 months at the county jail due to not wanting to visit with him over a computer monitor. In just 2 months time his weight had dropped drastically, and he was so skinny. On the one hand, I thought he looked really good because he had been overweight before, but on the other hand, I was concerned that he was going to lose more weight, and that would be detrimental to his health if he wasn't eating enough food or getting enough insulin. I did not know if he was losing weight due to not eating enough or if it was him not getting enough insulin. The body starts metabolizing fat, when it does not have enough insulin, and there can be a huge reduction in weight.

Brian continued to call every other day, and so I could make sure that he was doing okay. After the shaky entrance into Butner, the first month and a half everything was going well for him, and I was pleased that he was learning more about the laws for his case. We were very hopeful that the psychologist who was doing the mental evaluation was going to bring up about his autism in her report, and that this would help him to prove his false confession to the court. My parents and I



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would try to visit Brian once a week, and that made us feel better to be able to talk with him for a few hours. We got to spoil him with buying him sodas and snacks every time we visited him, and he very much enjoyed our visits.

Every time we visited Brian we would bring a roll of quarters in a bag to use for the vending machines for him. When we would enter into the prison, we had a specific routine that we went through. We first had to fill out a questionnaire, which I thought was the craziest thing I had ever seen. There would be questions like “Are you carrying a gun with you?” or “Do you have drugs with you”? I don’t really know why the government thought it was important to ask all the visitors those questions. It seemed like common sense that if someone was trying to conceal a gun to take back with them in the visiting area, they aren’t going to check the yes box and admit to what they are doing and neither was a drug dealer going to admit to trying to get drugs to someone in the prison.

The next procedure was that we had to take off our shoes to be run through the X-ray scanner and walk through the metal detector. After that we had to give our driver’s license to the guard, and they would hold it until we got back from visiting. A guard would unlock the gate on a row of bars and let us inside, and then we would wait while he locked the gate back, then he would unlock a second gate in another row of bars and let us inside a long hall. We had to walk in a row on the right hand side to the visiting room, and once we got there, we would wait under the watchful eyes of many guards to visit with Brian. The chairs we sat in were plastic lawn chairs with little plastic tables, and it was the most uncomfortable place to visit, but we still enjoyed being with Brian.

I had applied for unemployment since I was no longer getting a paycheck, and I began to look for a job. I was fortunate to have saved up some money before Brian was arrested, and that helped me to feel financially secure for awhile until I could find a job. I was afraid that it would be hard to find one because I only had the job as a caretaker for home health care and my books as an author listed on my resume for the past year. I worried that I might not be able to find a job due to my lack of experience in the previous years as just being a mom and caretaker. At one time I was even thinking about listing my previous job of being a mom because even though that kind of work is not thought of as being a real job, it is the hardest job that a woman will ever do. The amount of working experience that you get just

simply for being a mom would show the many hats that a woman wears in her daily work routine. I could have listed many job duties such as: nurse, cook, maid, taxi driver, bookkeeper, recreation coordinator, EMT (for dealing with insulin reactions and seizures), teacher and so many more job requirements for being a mom. After thinking awhile about listing mom on my resume, I decided that it would be laughed at and not taken seriously as a real job. It's so sad that mom's are not valued as so much more.

Just a month prior to Brian being arrested I was trying to buy a duplex for Brian and me to live in, and I was in the process of waiting to find out if I got the loan. Fortunately, I did not get that loan, and I was relieved since I no longer had a job and Brian wasn't with me; however, I had some money saved up and got back money from my income tax, so I still wanted to invest it in a home. It was kind of odd, but around March I decided to see if there were any cheap houses on the market. My friend was also looking, and we were trying to see if there was a fixer upper that we could buy together. We ended up finding a really good foreclosure deal for about \$23,000, and we signed the papers to buy the house for a cash deal. I don't know what I was thinking at the time and looking back now, I can't believe how crazy this was to buy a house when I didn't have a job, but this was the kind of reckless decisions that I was making at that time. It was almost like I was trying to move on with my life but doing so in a haphazard and risky way. I did a lot of gambling with my life on important decisions and don't really know why.

For the first time in 23 years, I was feeling a sense of freedom that I had not known since before Brian was born. For 21 years I had dealt with insulin reactions, seizures, doing blood glucose tests, giving shots for 14 years and with autistic and OCD behavior. I had become so use to having a caretaking lifestyle, and now I suddenly didn't have to get up in the middle of the night to check blood sugars, or to deal with all the duties as a caretaker. I was now just responsible for me for the first time in 23 years, and so now I began to make some drastic changes in my life. It was like all of a sudden I wanted to do so many things that I did not have the chance to do before. I wanted to start dating and have a close relationship again. I wanted to find a good job that would have decent benefits, and I wanted to invest the money I had saved into a home that we could fix up. I also wanted to finish writing a book that I had started about a theory that my friend and I had come up

with together. I look back at that time and realize that I was trying to do too much and wasn't thinking properly.

One day Brian called me, and he was very upset. He told me that he was doing his hand washing routine when another inmate got impatient with him and began to get really angry. He slammed Brian into one of the stalls in the bathroom, and luckily the guards heard the commotion and ran in to help Brian. He was taken to the doctor in the prison for a checkup; fortunately he was okay although he was sore. I started to become concerned for Brian's safety after that incident, and it worried me that Brian was in there with some very violent people.

Another call that I remember that bothered me was when he told me about an incident that happened involving a possible rape of another prisoner. He also told me about how his cellmate was trying to protect them from a possible intrusion into their own cell. He said that they started hearing screams in their unit, and his friend thought that it sounded like one of the inmates was getting raped. His friend quickly tied his belt around the cell door as a precaution, just to make sure that no one could come into their cell.

Brian had become close friends with his cellmate, and he thought of him as being like a brother, and I was grateful that he had found someone whom he could talk to and someone who could help keep him safe. His friend, Slim was not there the entire time that Brian was at Butner, but at least he had a true friend for a little bit of his time there. To this day he still talks about his friend whom he nicknamed "Slim", and he has such wonderful memories of him.

I was working hard on writing the book everyday and occasionally looking for a job online while taking breaks in writing. There was a certain amount of stress that was getting to me because I really needed to find a job as quick as I could. I admit that maybe I wasn't looking as hard as I should be for a job. I also wanted to finish my book as quickly as I could to get it published; however, I was starting to get some interviews. I was offered one job, but after finding out the details I decided to turn that one down because I just felt that it wasn't right for me, and it was too far away from home.

I started to slowly realize that maybe it was not such a great idea to buy a house with someone whom I had only known for 6 months prior to moving into this

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house together. I was seeing some things that I didn't like, and I began to question whether this was the kind of a person whom I wanted to have as a friend. While dating and for the first time I realized that I might be involved in a love triangle. It is the first time that I had ever been in a situation where I realized that someone else was also in love with the person whom I was in love with, and I started to see this pull and influence of this other person was starting to disrupt our relationship.

At one point the psychologist called me to ask me a bunch of questions, and I answered them the best that I could. I did let her know that Brian was writing articles and was an activist before all of this happened, and that it was his family's belief that he was set up. I told her all about Brian's autism and OCD issues as well. I liked talking with her and felt like she understood what I was trying to say about my son's problems. I sincerely thought that she was trying to help him but later on realized that she was not.

One day Brian called, and this odd man took over the phone call. He was trying to get me to help him sell his house for money that he needed badly and in exchange he offered to help my son with his case. I talked with him for a little while and then asked to speak with my son again. There was another call that he took over after that time, and I began to become concerned about who and what this man was trying to do. I didn't trust him and didn't like how he was taking over phone calls that were meant for my son.

The next phone call that I received was from Brian talking about how he was put into solitary confinement, and how he thought it was this man's fault. This con man was causing a lot of problems in their unit and as a result the guards started randomly putting certain people in their unit in solitary confinement. When they picked Brian to go in there, he fought back because he had not done anything wrong, so he did not know why they were suddenly coming to get him and put him in handcuffs and shackles to take him to the hole.

The hole was the name the inmates gave to the solitary confinement cells. Brian had kicked and hit the guards in his confusion over why they were suddenly putting him in solitary confinement, which was considered assault in the legal system. Most people do not realize that quick transitions for someone with autism are often met with explosive outbursts. It is hard for people with autism to adjust

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quickly to changes that occur suddenly out of nowhere. That is a huge trigger for someone with autism as any change must be made slowly. He was sent to the doctor after his outburst, and the doctor said that he had bruised ribs. He was almost charged with a felony for his outburst, but the psychologist spoke with him and found out that this con man had been doing a lot of stuff that caused Brian to be stressed out, and he had caused all the problems that was happening in their unit. They wanted to give Brian 2 months in solitary confinement, but he ended up spending 3 weeks there before his release back to the county jail.

I worried about Brian while he was in solitary confinement because he was spending all of this time alone for 23 hours a day, and I wondered what all he did during that time. I know he was trying to write letters and motions to the court and other places to try to get some help, but the motions and the letters never helped him. It was almost as if everything that he tried to do was ignored. I felt so bad for him because he tried so hard to fight to prove his innocence. In the solitary confinement cells of prison, it is so hard to do that when you have no access to information. Suddenly he could no longer go to the law library which he loved to do, and he was cut off from the exercise room and the running track. He was only out of his cell for an hour a day and 10 minutes of that time was when he could call me, but the rest of the time he had left was used to get a shower or go to commissary to purchase what he needed.

Everything was starting to become much more depressing as Brian spent more time at Butner. I was afraid that the longer he spent in prison, there was more of a chance that he could be charged with a felony. The close call with the outburst caused by his autism had me worried. He had not yet faced his trial to prove his innocence, and the more time he spent in prison or jail meant that he was likely to be charged with a felony for assaulting guards in an explosive outburst. Even though I didn't like the idea of Brian spending three weeks in solitary, it was better than their original plan to charge him with a felony for assault.

One call that Brian made toward the end of his stay at Butner was to tell me that his psychologist said that the SBI had found over five thousand illegal files on his laptop computer. This confused me for quite awhile, because I didn't know why someone would set him up with that many photos of child porn. I knew that people can get a lot of years for just one photo, so I didn't know how this was

going to affect Brian's case and how many years he could possibly get for thousands of photos. Sadly to say, I started to have some temporary doubts, and later on I felt guilty that I did. I'm sure that some people would wonder how I could be so confused about my son's innocence or guilt all of a sudden when I had been completely supportive of Brian's innocence before. The answer is that I was no longer thinking clearly as I was starting to become severely depressed.

At that time I didn't realize that I was that depressed. This information made me feel even more depressed than I had been, and so I was worried that he was going to be convicted and possibly spend many years in prison. It wasn't until a later time that I found out that a hacker can put thousands of files on someone's computer in only a matter of a few minutes. In May he was finally released from prison and solitary confinement, and they sent him back to a county jail where he waited anxiously to read the mental evaluation report. We had all held so much hope out for this report, but it ended up being a big disappointment when we finally read that report.

Brian's three months at Butner was an emotional roller coaster ride for him and us. I began to become more and more depressed, and I wasn't contacting my parents very much for a support system anymore. At the same time, I didn't have much of a support system at home, as it was starting to become crystal clear that the person whom I thought was my good friend did not feel that my son was innocent. This only deepened my fear about what if my son wasn't innocent? I do not know why I took the stance that he might not be innocent after hearing how many files were found, but somehow with my depression, I began to look at everything from a negative viewpoint instead of a positive one. It did not help that my friend felt that he wasn't innocent, and perhaps I was being influenced to feel the same.

I was not only confused as to what was going on, but I was beginning to slide further and further into a black hole that I could no longer fight. I felt like I was being swallowed into a big black mass of a tornado, and no matter what I did I was slowly losing my battle to stay sane and to think properly. I was tired of fighting this battle any longer, and as I let go of all common sense I was thrown about in the storm that had caused so much destruction in my son's and my life. I began to not care anymore, and I started to give up any hope for my son. I think I was having a nervous breakdown as I began to have trouble coping with everything that



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my son and I had gone through. It seemed like a nightmare that we couldn't wake up from, and I so badly wanted to wake up to a better life for us both. I was constantly worried, and my blood pressure kept shooting up to dangerously high levels. I was always wondering what was going to happen to my son. How was my son ever going to be free from prison with that many illegal files on his computer? I didn't know. All of my hopes were suddenly gone.

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### The Conviction

Everything was continually getting much worse than it had been, and Brian and his family began to lose much hope. We were about to read the report from Butner, and it was not going to be good, in fact, it was only going to make Brian look much more guilty. I kind of had a bad feeling before Brian got the report just based on the stuff that Brian was telling me on the phone about the five thousand photos on his computer that his psychologist was telling him about in their sessions. There were some other things Brian told me that she said to him which made him look even more guilty. For some reason my mind has completely blacked out all the other things that Brian said she was discussing with him. I think in part this is why I had started to become much more negative about Brian proving his innocence, because the information that she was telling Brian sounded so bad.

Most people don't even realize how much pressure and stress gets put on the accused and their family and to a point that the family and their loved one start to break down physically, mentally and emotionally. Once the judicial system is done with the person whom they are trying to convict and their family, they will inevitably feel like they have been put through a grinder together or thrown between two millstones that will grind you into many pieces. The Federal judicial system picks the person apart whom they want to convict, and there is so much fraudulent evidence that they will seek to use to prove their viewpoint. I was hardly talking to my parents from the stress and depression, and when I would visit them I pretended that I was doing okay. They did not know how depressed I was becoming. My son in an attempt to find a glimmer of hope in his case was watching the nails one by one being hammered into his proverbial coffin. It felt like his case was dead!

Brian read parts of the report to me over the phone, and even though it was shocking allegations, I wasn't all that surprised because of some of the stuff Brian had told me on the phone that this psychologist had been saying to him in their sessions. She actually diagnosed him as being a pedophile! She wrote in her report that Brian had been looking at child porn for the past 6 years. When Brian

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read that to me, he explained that he told her that he was looking at adult pornography since he was around 17 years old. I would think that this is completely normal behavior for most male teenagers, but she misunderstood him and thought he was talking about child porn. When he falsely confessed to the police officers from our town, he told them that he was looking at child porn for approximately a year, and now she had him saying that he did it for 6 years. Everyone was just twisting Brian's words around to prove him guilty, and no one was taking in the fact that he had communication problems with his autism.

Brian called me one day after the report had been released to his lawyer and told me that he was so mad because his lawyer wanted for him to take a plea agreement that was offered. Brian told me that he refused to take the plea agreement and that he wanted to have his day in court to prove his innocence to a jury.

It was around this time that we found out that the hearing had been set and there was hardly any more time to work on Brian's case. Once the court date was set, everything started to move swiftly, and even though the lawyer tried to push for more time to prepare for a trial, he was denied more time, and we were suddenly left with just a few days.

My parents were contacted by a lawyer at Disability Rights who had been working with Brian's lawyer a little bit. He basically told them that Brian needed to take the plea agreement, and that he was guilty of having child porn on his computer because they found the files on his laptop. He told them that technically that is possession, and that it would be no different if someone bought a used computer that was found to have child porn on the hard drive. It would still technically be possession. This never made any sense to me because it seems like they would have to prove that the person looked at the files and had intent towards wanting to collect these images. If what this lawyer said to my parents is true, then this could happen to anyone. Anyone could buy a used computer or have their computer hacked with a Trojan virus that puts these images on their hard drive, and they could be convicted for possession of child porn. This does not seem like justice to me! Knowing this information should put everyone in fear when it comes to using the internet because we could all be put in jail and convicted for files that we did not put on our computer. With laws like these, anybody can be setup, so what happened to my son can happen to anyone.

My parents and I got a depressing call from Brian's lawyer on the same night. He talked to me for about an hour, and he tried to pressure me into convincing Brian to take the plea agreement. I was told that the jury would see the evidence that the SBI found on Brian's computer, and they would be told of his confession at the police department the day after the raid on our home. In addition to this there was also the psychologist's report stating that Brian was a pedophile, and I was also told that he would not tell the jury about Brian's autism. He said that my parents and I would not be permitted to testify for Brian. He told me that Brian could get 20 years in prison, and that he believed he would get the 20 years if he didn't take the plea. I was devastated! I told him that I would talk to Brian when he calls me.

I called my parents, and they told me that they also got a call from his lawyer and the lawyer at Disability Rights. We discussed everything that was said, and all agreed that we needed to convince Brian to take the plea agreement. There was just no chance that he was going to win his case against the Federal government. They had everything that they needed to convict him for 20 years. The plea agreement that they were offering him was that he would plead guilty and in exchange he would get time served, 10 years on probation and the Sex Offender Registry. In part, he was given such a good plea because they were taking into consideration his autism. The plea agreement sounded a lot better to us than 20 years in prison, so we were going to do our best to push Brian to take the plea.

We were upset that the lawyer didn't seem to have anything for a jury trial prepared. I remember that he just got back from another vacation or trip (he took two trips during the time he represented Brian), so that seemed to be a big part of the reason why he wasn't prepared for this trial. He was also unable to get the judge to give him more time, which made it nearly impossible for him to prepare a proper defense for Brian. My parents had faxed Brian's lawyer a bunch of documents for Brian's case, and Brian had given his lawyer a lot of information to use in a trial, but all of those documents we sent for Brian's defense, and all the information Brian gave him seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. All that we had done to help Brian prepare for his trial seemed somewhat like a waste of time at this point. Brian spent numerous hours putting together documents that we sent him in prison and writing motions to the court. Most of the motions that he wrote over the course of his case was dismissed by the judge. It seemed odd that after all

the work that was done to help Brian prepare for his trial to prove his innocence, and after all the work that Brian did in prison with his research at the law library, none of it was used by the lawyer to help Brian.

I waited and waited for Brian to call that night, which was the night before the big trial, but he never called. I was completely scared out of my mind, and I spent a horrible night of worrying why he did not call. How were we going to talk Brian into taking the plea agreement when we knew that we would not be able to talk to him in the courtroom? I was so afraid that he was going to be convicted for 20 years, and we were all so depressed. We didn't know how we were going to get this information to him before the trial started.

It was a nail biting experience for us as we entered the courtroom and were trying to figure out how to get Brian to take the plea agreement. We knew from past experiences that we were not allowed to talk to anyone in the court room other than Brian's lawyer. We waited and waited for Brian to enter the courtroom so that we could try to get his attention. Brian's lawyer entered the courtroom and rushed over to talk to us. He seemed very agitated, and he was concerned that we had not talked to Brian about the plea agreement. We told him that Brian did not call the night before so I couldn't talk to him.

At some point while we were waiting, my mom yelled out to Brian to take the plea agreement. I was surprised that she did that out of the blue, and I was grateful that she didn't get in any trouble with the court. I was so glad that she yelled that to him. Brian didn't seem to understand what she had said, but another inmate beside him heard what she yelled, and he told Brian that she said to take the plea. Brian looked over at us and showed that he understood. We all had a sigh of relief and felt good that he understood what he needed to do.

When the time came for Brian's trial, he stood up and pleaded guilty to child porn possession to take the plea agreement that was offered. The judge asked him a series of questions that he answered and the final question was whether he understood all that was said to him in the judge's speech, and he replied that he did. We thought it was finally over and even though this was not the outcome that Brian and his family had hoped for, it was what it was. We were at least pleased that he would hopefully be coming home soon.

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How much Brian really understood what the judge said was another matter altogether? I had been told years ago by a teacher that he had trouble understanding what people were saying to him verbally and that his strength was in reading. I was instructed that I should write everything down for him, so that he could better understand what I was trying to say. I feel like the Federal court system not recognizing autism in the courtroom for a defense against false confessions and not recognizing the disability in their legal procedures is going to lead to more people with disabilities being railroaded into pleading guilty. The court doesn't seem to want to apply special procedures to accommodate people with disabilities like autism.

When my son was in school, the teachers often had to follow special procedures outlined by organizations like TEEACH and the public school system to help Brian to succeed in learning. For example, he was given a one on one assistant to help him to understand his daily assignments and to make his learning much easier. The Federal court system does not allow people with disabilities like autism to have an advocate who can assist them in understanding what is going on, and there are no programs that I am aware of where they can write out the agreement and questions that the defendant needs to understand. In the courtroom, I'm sure the blind get to read their legal papers with Braille or they are read every one of their legal papers. However, when it comes to autism I have seen no special procedures that need to be followed, and it is almost as if the court simply ignores the autism during the trial.

Brian's lawyer pointed out to us that Brian could not use autism as a part of his defense, but autism was the reason for his false confession. There is a catch 22 where an autistic person is allowed to be questioned by police who are not trained in how to question someone with autism, which can easily lead to a false confession, but then that autistic defendant is not allowed to use autism in their trial for their legal defense to prove they made a false confession. There seems to be a blind spot in the legal system for people with autism. They are not recognized in the legal system at all, and it is as if the court tries to separate the person's autism from the defendant themselves, and by doing so, they set up the person with autism to have no defense or any chance of proving their innocence. Once a



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person with autism gives a false confession, they will never have a chance to retract what they said in a court of law. This is simply wrong!

Until changes can be made in the Federal court system and with the police departments, I can foretell that the prisons and jails are going to be filled with a lot of innocent autistic people in the future. The current rate for people who have an autism spectrum disorder is that 1 in 68 children will be diagnosed with this disability. When Brian was first diagnosed with autism in 1994, the rate was 1 in 10,000 people had autism, so with the current increase in autism, we can expect that a huge number of these people will be going to jail and prison because of behavior that is related to their autism. How many of these people with autism are going to be convicted of crimes that they did not commit? That is the question that people working in the Federal legal system need to be asking themselves.

The next day after Brian took the plea agreement was horrible. Brian called me up, and he was angry. In his mind, he took the guilty plea because his family wanted him to take it, and he thought that we had a plan. Remember, he did not call me the night before the trial, so I was not able to explain to him why he should take the plea, nor were we able to explain it to him in the court room. Our only plan was to protect Brian from getting 20 years in prison, and so when he found out that we did not have another plan, he was mad. I tried my best to explain what the lawyer had told us and to let him know that the lawyer didn't think he had a chance and that his lawyer basically had nothing prepared for him, despite all of the papers that we sent to him and the evidence that Brian gave to him.

It was at this point that Brian decided that he didn't want to take the plea, and he wrote that in a motion to the court, and he also explained again that he wanted to be appointed another lawyer. This led to other hearings, where the judge had to decide what to do about Brian's new motions.

Brian asked us to get in touch with the FBI, and so my parents sent a fax to them with several pages related to Brian's case, and that was sometime towards the last of June. Someone called my parents from North Carolina and told them that Brian had confessed to child porn possession, and they didn't believe he had been set up. They said something about getting a report that it had been downloaded to his computer for a year. His grandma explained that he had autism, and that he was

innocent and they knew why he took the guilty plea. The person talking to my parents said her child also had disabilities. To this day, my parents were not sure if this was someone calling from the FBI or not. I had just got back from a camping trip with my friend when my parents called me with this news. I was devastated after they called me and told me what the FBI agent had told them. They made him sound like he was guilty, and the 1 year of child porn on his computer matched exactly what Brian had told the police that he had been downloading it for a year, but it did not match the 6 years that the psychologist had said in her report. I began to have doubts again about whether Brian was guilty or not, and this led to me becoming even more depressed.

I discussed what the FBI agent told my parents with my friend, and she took the stance that Brian was guilty which only made me feel even more confused. She said something to me that I will never forget, and I became really angry. She accused me and my parents of harboring a pedophile, and then left the house to go talk to her best friend. I went over to my parent's house to tell them what she said about us because I was so depressed that she would think that about my son, my parents and about me. This completely changed how I felt about her, and our friendship was never quite the same after she said that to me. I was in a bad situation because I had bought a house with her, and now I knew how she really felt about me and my family. My family is very important to me in my life.

I still continued to work on my book and to look for a job, but I began to be afraid that I would not find a job soon. My unemployment benefits suddenly ran out, and I had to re-apply and fortunately was given an extension. I had been licensed as a CNA (Certified Nursing Assistant) in North Carolina, but I had an interview with a home health care and found out that I needed to take the course again to renew my license for the state where I had moved. I was thinking about possibly going to the college where I lived to get my CNA license again. When I looked up the program, I found out that there seemed to be more involved to getting a license now than there was in 1995. I started to look at all of the courses and degree possibilities and found some courses for electrical engineers. I was writing a book about plasma, which is the fourth state of matter, which is also known as lightning or electricity. Learning about electricity had become a passion of mine, so I

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thought it would be fun to take those courses. I made the decision to apply to college for the fall term.

In July I went to an interview for a phone survey job and after two interviews and a typing test, I got the job. This job would be part time working approximately 30 hours a week in the evenings and on weekends, so the schedule would fit in perfectly with my college schedule.

I started the job, and to my amazement really enjoyed what I was doing despite the fact that I had always had a phobia of using phones since my childhood. It became a challenge to try to get people to take the survey, but for the first month I worked hard at trying to get those surveys. I was enjoying getting a paycheck again, and I began to buy stuff for the house. I had forgiven my friend for what she said, and we were trying to make the best of owning a house together. We began to start fixing the place up more, and we started to work on yard work with putting mulch around the trees and in front of the house. We put pumice rock below the high deck at the back of the house.

I finally finished writing my book towards the end of July, and my friend finished editing the book. I had written practically most of the book, and I think she had written about 12 or 13 pages; however, both of our names were on the cover of the book. I felt that was fair to put her name on the book too because even though she didn't write that much in the book, she was editing too. We both came up with the theory that was written about in the book. We had a verbal agreement that we would half the profits of the sale of the book.

In August, I began college, and that was when I started to realize that maybe my depression was worse than I thought because with working, going to college and working on my book, I became even more confused. I began to cry every day and at the oddest times. Sometimes I would be in the middle of doing a survey, and I would just start crying for no apparent reason. Other times I would be driving and start crying or wake up in the middle of the night and cry. I was feeling so all alone, and my friend was spending at least a couple days and night away from the house every week to be with her best friend. I was struggling to understand everything that was being taught in the classroom and even though my grades on the first few tests were good, I could tell that this was going to be a struggle for

me. I just could not focus in class, and I was probably only getting about half what was said in the lectures. This was weird for me because I am an intelligent person and had always done well in school and college. I didn't know why I couldn't focus, and it was almost like I was functioning at a low speed of learning.

By September I realized that I needed to drop my classes because I just couldn't focus on what was being taught. I also felt out of place because all of my classmates were men, and I was the only woman in there. I was starting to get angry more with my friend and housemate, and one day for some unknown reason I just started telling her some awful stuff. I guess all of these emotions that I had been feeling about her finally came out all at one time, and I couldn't shut up. I felt bad afterwards, but I just exploded. I'm sure a lot of this explosion from me was due to my severe depression. She left the house to go over to her best friend's house and stay the night again, and I was left alone to think about what I had said to her. I tried to send her an email and apologize, but the damage was done. We had a discussion when she came back, and I realized that it was not going to work with us living in this house together. I called my parents and told them what all was said and what had happened, and they came over to help me move out quickly. They helped me get my clothes out, and I moved back over to their apartments. I didn't know what we were going to do about the house.

I look back at this now and realize that I was not acting right at all, and that I was dealing with not only severe depression, but that I was also possibly experiencing a nervous breakdown. The constant stress of Brian being in jail and over his case, and the stress of buying a house, being unemployed for awhile, writing a book and then working and going to college at the same time all probably had a factor in why I spiraled into a nervous breakdown. I was simply trying to do too much, while I was going through a severe depression. I was also feeling empty nest syndrome, going through menopause and struggling with dangerously high blood pressure. It was a wonder that I managed to function at all after all that I had been through since the police raid.

There was a status conference hearing that was held in September prior to the next hearing, and the judge basically denied all of Brian's motions, so Brian was forced to continue on with the same lawyer. Brian got upset at the judge's decision and he said "This is a kangaroo court, your Honor." A kangaroo court is a hearing that

blatantly disregards the recognized standards of laws to try someone regarded as guilty without good evidence, and often carries little or no official standing in the state within which it resides. My son had been trying to show evidence in his motions, but the court kept refusing to acknowledge his motions.

Brian got back to the jail after the status conference, and the nurse checked his blood glucose and found out that his blood sugar was 429 mg/dL, which is extremely high. This was not a rare case as we later found out that Brian went to court many times with his blood sugar being really high. The court never took into account Brian's blood sugar prior to each court hearing, and so it is hard to tell how many times Brian did go to court with hyperglycemia. One of the jails that Brian was often sent to before a trial had no night nurse, and so we are aware of at least one incident where Brian was not given insulin for his breakfast and was taken off by the marshals to a hearing before the nurse came in that morning. I will discuss more about this incident in another chapter.

At this time, I would like to make a point in my book that needs to be carefully considered in the Federal court's procedures. It is my belief that all diabetic inmates should be able to have their blood sugar checked immediately before they have their trial. Hyperglycemia symptoms can cause the person to have trouble concentrating and causes blurred vision. These are problems that can affect a diabetic's decisions and how much they understand at a trial, as well as it could potentially negatively affect the outcome of their trial. When Brian's blood sugar was high at the hearing, it means that he would have had trouble focusing on what was going on with the trial. Why doesn't the court take into consideration a diabetic's blood glucose level at court hearings? This is another oversight of the Federal court to not recognize that hyperglycemia can affect a diabetic's ability to understand what is happening during a trial and also can affect the decisions that this person makes.

Here is a list of symptoms for high blood sugar.

### **Hyperglycemia Symptoms**

Blood sugar more than 180 mg/dL

- Increased thirst

- Headaches
- Trouble concentrating
- Blurred vision
- Frequent peeing
- Fatigue (weak, tired feeling)
- Weight loss
- Increased irritability

At the time that Brian was trying to reverse his guilty plea, we got in touch with the lawyer who had found the arrest warrant and told her what was happening with Brian. She decided to send a letter to the court and his lawyer that explained that there had been numerous child porn setup attempts with other activists around the same time that Brian had been setup and that she had been hired to help these activists who were terrified at what was happening to them. She made reports to the FBI about these child porn setup attempts that were going on with these other activists. Some of these activists were actually friends of Brian, and some weren't. This lawyer tried to let the court know what was going on, but unfortunately her words fell on deaf ears.

I decided that I needed to take my book off of Amazon for now because I didn't know what to do now that my friend and I had our parting of ways. How were we going to be able to sell this book when we weren't even talking much and were angry at one another? I think I sent her an email telling her that I took our book off of Amazon for now, and that was when she retaliated by saying that she was going to sue me because of all the time she spent editing the book. She suddenly was demanding that I pay her thousands of dollars for her editing our book. I was really confused because our only agreement was that we would split the profits if the book sold. During the time that the book was up, it only sold a couple of times to her friends and nothing else. I didn't have the kind of money that she was demanding, and so I refused to pay her money for her editing. I did put the book back up for sale at some point after much arguing back and forth in our emails. That book has only sold 4 times and finally at some point in 2015, I took it off Amazon permanently.

The next hearing revealed quite a lot about the way the Federal court system works. Apparently the lawyers and judges like to ignore any evidence that can prove a defendant is innocent. They narrowly look at just the evidence that the



## Jailed with Autism

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government has while doing everything they can to ignore the defendant's evidence. Ignore is the key word to describe how the Federal court system has an impressive 93% success rate in getting convictions. They ignore everything the defendant says (especially if they have autism), ignore any evidence the family has, and in Brian's case they ignored the evidence of his lawyer friend.

I had often wondered why Brian's public defender or pretender did nothing to try to prove Brian's innocence. However, when I really thought about why Brian's public defender did not investigate Brian's case in an attempt to prove his innocence, it dawned on me that he was getting paid by the same government that wanted to convict him. It seems to me that this would make the public defenders biased towards the government's agenda rather than seeking to exonerate the person who is accused. I have to wonder if this is a form of oppression towards people who are poor or middle class. Poor or middle class people can't afford the exorbitant fees that lawyers charge these days.

At the beginning of the hearing, the judge asked Brian's family to step forward. My parents and I went up and stood behind the lawyer. He then asked me to sit back down and said he just wanted to speak to Brian's grandparents. He asked my mother quite a lot of questions and then asked my stepdad one question. One of the questions he asked my mom blatantly showed his ignorance about autism and how he felt it had nothing to do with Brian's guilt or innocence. I am including part of this court transcript on the next page.

My parents had sent some papers to my son to submit to the court. At this time the Federal Government had proof that Brian had brittle diabetes, autism and OCD. Some of the papers sent to court explained by professionals how someone with autism can and do give false confessions while being questioned by police. We thought the court would read all the proof we sent to them.

## Jailed with Autism

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12 THE COURT: Let me ask you first. This affidavit  
13 says that "I have been told by Brian's grandparents, Ken  
14 Forinash and Stella Burnett, that Brian wants to withdraw his  
15 guilty plea because he is innocent, and he wants a substitute  
16 public defender." Did you all tell her that?

17 MS. BURNETT: Yes, sir, we did.

18 THE COURT: And why did you tell her that?

19 MS. BURNETT: Because Brian is innocent, and he's  
20 really not been represented. This attorney has never talked to  
21 us until right at the end. He called us the night before the  
22 sentencing hearing and told us to have Brian to plead guilty  
23 and so that's what we did, and that was wrong because Brian is  
24 not guilty. He's got autism. He's not guilty. He doesn't  
25 like being around children.

██████████ - Hearing - September 30, 2014

5

1 THE COURT: What does the autism got to do with his  
2 guilt or innocence?

He started to talk about this letter that he got from Brian's attorney friend in California. The judge basically accused this lawyer of being irresponsible, if not fraudulent, and he wanted to subpoena her to appear in court. I can never forget that hearing because the judge was so mad at this lawyer, and his face turned beet red. For most of the hearing, he talked on and on about what this lawyer had written in her letter, and it was apparent that he was angry. The only positive thing that came from this hearing was when the judge finally did decide to appoint a new lawyer to Brian's case. At least, finally, Brian was granted one of his previous motions that he be given a new lawyer. This new lawyer was going to eventually give us the evidence that we needed to fully understand some connections to

## Jailed with Autism

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Brian's setup that we had not seen before, and I will tell every detail of that story in the next chapter.

>

1                   THE COURT: What does the autism got to do with his  
2 guilt or innocence?

I would like to address the judge's question to my mom at that hearing. The judge asked, "What does the autism got to do with his guilt or innocence?" I will answer that question here in my book. Autistic people are known to give false confessions, and this has been proven by psychologists in various studies. In the paper "Interview and Interrogation of people with Autism (Including Asperger syndrome)" by Dennis Debbaudt, he outlines possible traps that can occur when interrogating a person with autism. In one paragraph he says, "The higher-functioning person through his or her responses, and the unaware interrogator through their beliefs, may become unwitting accomplices to continuing a faulty investigation in the best case or, in the worst case, to extracting a false confession." It is a well known fact that autistic people are in danger of giving false confessions; therefore, this is now being put on autism first responder cards. These are cards that are carried by people with autism and their families to be given to the police, fire fighters, EMT's and other departments in the case of an emergency or questioning by the police.

In answering the judge's question, having autism has got quite a lot to do with whether an autistic person is guilty or innocent because they can give a false confession which makes them look guilty to police officers and to the court. Once the false confession is given, then it is up to the public defender to prove the confession was false. However, this is impossible, because we were told by his lawyer that autism can't be used as a defense. So, once an autistic person confesses to a crime they didn't commit, then they are viewed guilty by the court regardless of the fact that autistic people can and do give false confessions. To reiterate a point I brought up earlier, this creates a catch 22 in the legal system because someone with autism can give a false confession to the police but isn't

even allowed to bring up their autism as a defense in court to prove that their confession was false. This does not make any sense to me whatsoever!

Here is an autism first responder's card:

### **Autism**

#### **COMMUNICATION**

*The person you are interacting with:*

- May be non verbal or have limited verbal skills
- May not respond to your commands or questions
- May repeat your words & phrases; your body language and emotional reactions
- May have difficulty expressing needs

#### **BEHAVIOR**

- May display tantrums or extreme distress for no apparent reason
- May laugh, giggle or ignore your presence
- May be extremely sensitive to lights, sounds or touch
- May display a lack of eye contact
- May have no fear of real danger
- May appear insensitive to pain
- May exhibit self-stimulating behavior: hand flapping, body rocking or attachment to objects

#### **IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE SITUATIONS**

- May not understand rights or warnings
- May become anxious in new situations
- May not understand consequences of their actions
- If verbal, may produce false confession or misleading statement

The trial where Brian accepted the plea agreement was in June and the September trial where the judge addressed all of Brian's motions, including the one to not accept the plea added a few more months to Brian's time in jail. During the months between June and September, Brian requested a psychosexual evaluation. This evaluation was done in the jail, instead of Butner and this psychologist took away the pedophile label, which we were thrilled to see, but he also gave Brian a new diagnoses. Brian explained to the psychologist that he thought that he had been setup due to his work on his website to expose corruption in the government

and with certain politicians. The psychologist decided to give Brian the diagnoses of “Delusional Disorder: Persecutory Type.” He did not know anything about Brian, so he didn’t know about the three years that Brian ran his alternative news website to fight the new world order, nor did he know about all of the interviews Brian did. He did not know about all of the articles that Brian wrote for those three years exposing government corruption. If Brian has delusional disorder, then so do I and so do my parents and all of Brian’s friends. We all feel the same way as Brian because we all feel like he was set up. This new report did lead to a lot of good jokes about how we were all delusional so for the most part we just laughed about Brian’s new diagnoses.

Brian’s new lawyer actually asked to meet with me and my parents, which surprised us, since his last lawyer never really scheduled a meeting to discuss Brian’s case. This lawyer also thought that Brian should take the plea agreement that was offered to him, and he said that this was something that he had never seen before. Apparently, the plea for time served was a really good deal, and he explained that this never happens. He seemed also concerned for Brian’s health and wanted to get him out of jail. He also told us that if Brian wanted to fight, then he was also willing to do that if he wanted. Brian met with his new lawyer and was told the same thing, and he decided to keep the plea and not fight this right now. He knew that he still had options after this was done and could possibly still fight it after he got home. He could appeal later if he wanted to try to overturn his conviction.

The judge had threatened to revoke Brian’s acceptance of responsibility after Brian sent his motions to the court to not take the plea agreement that he had accepted in the earlier trial. If that had happened, then Brian would not have gotten the plea agreement of time served and would have gone to prison for 20 years. Brian was scared, and he made a decision in jail to write a letter to the judge to take responsibility. He wrote, “I accept responsibility for the possession of child porn,” and he also tried to bargain to get his lawful computer files back. He did not however accept responsibility for putting it on his computer. He just took responsibility for child porn being found on his computer. At this time, Brian was also losing weight and not feeling well from only getting half of his regular insulin in jail for months.

Another trial occurred with the new lawyer, and Brian then accepted the plea agreement again, and the judge scheduled another hearing for his release, but it would still be a few months until Brian could get out of jail. We were all relieved that this was now all over, and Brian would soon be coming home. In October, I was still working, but I was getting worse with the depression. I was also getting angry with my mom, and we could not get along either. At some point, I realized that I needed some professional help, and my mom and I went to the mental health office to talk to somebody for crisis counseling. The counselor thought that I needed to admit myself to the mental hospital, and I explained that I had no insurance and hardly any money for a hospital expense. He said that there were programs that they could sign me up for that would pay for the hospital bill. We went over to the hospital, and I checked into the emergency room. We were waiting for nearly 4 hours when I realized that this might be too drastic. I told my mom that I was feeling better now, even though I had been out of it before and was crying obsessively before we went to mental health. I checked out and left the emergency room. I did make an appointment to start seeing a counselor at the mental health center for our city.

Brian was preparing to soon get out of jail, and I was working on my job and going to counseling every week. This past year had been mentally exhausting for the entire family and especially for Brian. For me, this particular year has become known as a mere blur in time, as I believe most of that year of 2014 that Brian, me and my parents were all depressed. This year was filled with so much pain in our lives that I would rather forget it happened altogether. We had been through the most severe kind of storm that can hit a family, and yet we managed to endure through all the damage that was repeatedly inflicted upon all of us by the Federal judicial system. Soon this seemingly never ending storm would be over, and we would be able to carry on with our lives. Not as we had before because most everything had changed in our lives, but at least we would be able to get back to a somewhat normal life. The next few months we were able to learn some very important details of Brian's case that was never told to us, and it all came from his discovery report. The precious evidence we had been looking for all along to prove Brian's innocence was contained within this important document that had been withheld from Brian and his family for months, and neither of his two lawyers even noticed. The proverbial smoking gun was about to be found.



### Coming Home

The excitement was building as we waited for the day that Brian would be free. It would be nice to finally watch him walk away from the incarceration that he had suffered through for about ten and a half months. The anticipation was increasing each day as we got closer to the date. We were finally going to see an end to this nightmare!

The next six months were going to be filled with some interesting surprises and some terrifying experiences that I will never forget. Even though the biggest storm of our lives was finally over, life does not stay calm long before a new storm is brewing on the horizon. As the law of the land goes, the calm after the storm is always followed by a new storm, some are rocky and filled with lightning and thunder, and others are filled with much wind and rain. Some leave much destruction in their paths, and others lead us to a bright sunny day that leaves us with the smell of fresh air and beautiful flowers covered with drops of water sparkling in the sunlight. Life is always forever changing, especially after the wake of a terrifying storm. The calm after the storm is always a time to rejoice and renew, but also it is time to prepare for the next one that is to come. And there was a new storm brewing in the distance, the rumbling was echoing through the night sky, but fortunately this storm ended up going around us instead of hitting us directly with its strong force of wind. We were spared this new potentially dangerous storm as Jesus calmed this storm for us, and even though the thunder rumbled in the distance and put us in a state of fear, we were spared its lightning strikes. God covered us with his shield, and thankfully we were safe from this next storm.

There was a final hearing before Brian's release, and we waited for Brian to show up, but he never did. The judge said that he wanted to let the family know that Brian was in the hospital, and his sentence would be rescheduled for the next court date. A US Marshall came over to explain why Brian was not there for the hearing. He said that Brian complained that his blood sugar was high, so they tested it and found out it was extremely high. They rushed him to the emergency room at a local hospital that day and the hearing for his release was rescheduled. I

## Jailed with Autism

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asked if we could go to the hospital and see him, and the Marshal said that we could not. We were upset that we were not even allowed to visit him. The Marshall said that Brian was not given a shot before he left the jail, and they were mad at the jail that did that to him. We were too, and we wondered if this had been happening before every trial that he had attended since we knew about other times that Brian discovered that his blood sugar was extremely high after a trial. It is hard to know how often this happened before his trials, but my son is in the process of getting medical records from each jail to see what was happening on the days of his court hearings.

We found out that Brian would not be coming home at the actual hearing for his release, but that he would be released another day at the jail. The jail never notified us of his release, but Brian called us to let us know. We got his call, and we rushed over to the jail to pick him up. We had to wait for a little bit at the jail, but finally the moment that we had all been waiting for months to happen, finally did. It was a good feeling to see Brian walk through that door. We couldn't wait to talk to him and to take him out to eat.

Brian had to get in touch with his new probation officer within hours of his release, and he had to register as a sex offender for the first time at the local police department within a few days. He got in touch with his probation officer, and she came by to talk with him one day and get him to sign some papers. She also looked over his apartment to make sure everything was compliant with the rules. She noticed some Disney movies and said that they would have to be removed because they had children in them. We were shocked! Brian had grown up watching Disney movies, and now he wasn't even allowed to have them in his apartment. We got the feeling that now he is going to be treated like he had actually raped a child, even though he is a virgin and has autism.

Brian was nervous when we went to the police department for him to register as a sex offender, but all three of us were there for emotional support. We told him that no one takes this register seriously anymore as there are people that have peed in a public place on the registry and teenagers that sent nude photos to their boyfriends or girlfriends are on it too. The youngest person ever reported on the sex registry was a boy who was 7 years of age who hugged his teacher. They took his photo and made him fill out some paper work, and then we left.

## Jailed with Autism

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I was still going through a severe depression and working on my job, so I wasn't sure if I was going to be able to take care of Brian. We contacted Brian's probation officer to see if she could find a local group home for him to stay. She said that she would check out about group homes, and then days later she came by to tell us what she found out. She said that it would be hard to get a group home for him just based on all of his problems, but that it would be completely impossible to get him in a group home because he is a felon and on the sex offender registry. The only place that would be able to take him was a homeless shelter in Roanoke. I told her that I would continue to take care of him. My parents said that they could watch him while I was at work, and so that was what we did for awhile.

One day Brian told me that he wanted for me to be his full time caretaker again, and I told him that I would. There was no way that I could say no because he was crying. I think he had really missed me while he was in jail. I wasn't sure if I could still get him back on that Medicaid waiver program again, but I reapplied. I gave my two week notice at my phone job. The woman came out to review Brian's case, and I answered all of their questions again. Unfortunately, I was first told that he would not qualify, and so I told them that I had just quit my job and that Brian can't take care of himself. I told them that I was relying on my elderly parents to take care of him while I was at work and that this could not continue forever. I was told that there had been some changes since the last time he was in this program. I started talking about his seizures and his severe insulin reactions where he often falls down and everything about his care. That was when one of the women started to ask me some additional questions, and they realized that he would qualify for the program again. I was relieved.

There is a disturbing policy that prevents people from receiving a copy of their discovery report and prevents family members from even seeing it until after their loved one is convicted. Although my son was allowed to read it when his lawyer visited one time, he told us that he didn't have time to read all of the report. He didn't really know what all was in his discovery report. That became a big concern for Brian and his family.

Here is an excerpt of an email from Brian's first lawyer that was sent to my parents.

**Jan 10, 2014 at 4:56 PM**

*Finally, in the email you sent earlier today, you mentioned getting a copy of the evidence I have received from the government. While Brian would certainly like to authorize that, he cannot. The rules governing discovery, and various other ethical and legal considerations, tightly restrict access to such information. I will review what I have received from the government with Brian, and give him all the time he needs to examine it in my presence. However, I cannot even give him a copy, and I cannot discuss it with third parties.*

*Assistant Federal Public Defender*

Brian made an appointment with his second lawyer for us to finally read his discovery report, and so one day we went over there to finally take a look at the evidence that the prosecution had against Brian. We went there two months after Brian was released from jail, in January, 2015. We were told over the phone that we were not able to make photo copies of the discovery report. We brought some notepads so that we could make some notes about what we saw. What concerns me is that Brian and his family was not allowed to have a copy of Brian's discovery report which had the evidence that led to his incarceration and his conviction. How can a defendant not be allowed to have their own discovery report?

The lawyer's assistant brought a stack of papers into the office where we were sitting and put them on the desk. It looked more like a large book to us. We had heard that many times people's discovery report gets padded, and we found this to be the case as it became more evident as we kept seeing the same stuff over and over again. Padding a report like this could make it hard to find the evidence, and we wondered how many lawyers really had the time to look through these discovery reports in detail? I would think that many lawyers would not have the time it takes to sift through a book of papers to read the discovery report.

We were about to find out just how deep the rabbit hole goes, and where it might possibly lead. At first, we all noticed something that made us gasp in shock. We saw the name of the district attorney in our county, and for the first time we realized that we had some possible proof to who may have set up Brian. The

district attorney was the son of the state senator pro tempore whom Brian had written numerous articles about and the person whom he had presented his petition to nullify the NDAA for our town. Remember, Brian was kicked out of the town council meeting for asking this senator a simple question. The senator's son's name was listed over and over in the discovery report as the district attorney involved with getting this search warrant for the police raid on our home. We all thought about whether this state senator and his son were involved in the set up of Brian. It seemed quite suspicious to us.

My mom noticed that the date range for the child porn files was way off, and when I read it, I was shocked. I wrote down the information about the dates in my notebook since we were not allowed to make copies of the discovery report. It said, **"From the analysis, this record showed that 454 files had been downloaded with the eMule program between July 20, 2012 and July 28, 2013."** Keep in mind that the police raid search was on August 28, 2012. This means that just after 39 days the photos were continuing to be downloaded in the town's custody and then later in the SBI's custody. For about 11 months the images were being put onto Brian's computer by someone or by the trojan virus that had infected Brian's computer prior to the police raid because after August 28, 2012, he no longer had his laptop computer.

What is also quite suspicious is that the dates were about a year which matches Brian's false confession that he had been downloading these photos for about a year. It seemed obvious that they wanted to make it a year to match his false confession. I guess they thought that nobody would notice that the dates were 11 months after his computer was taken, and the sad thing is that they were right because no one noticed, even two of his lawyers failed to notice those dates.

Brian had told the police chief on the day of the police raid that he had a virus on his computer, and he continued to tell his attorney the same thing. One thing that we also noticed in the discovery report was that there was no mention of a virus on his laptop. Brian's family is a witness that on the day of the raid Brian was battling a problem on his computer, and he told us that he had a virus. **Why wasn't there a report about the virus on his computer?**

## Jailed with Autism

Here is a screenshot of the Search Warrant inventory. Notice that the **date for the search is August 28, 2012**. This is when they took the computers, but the dates of the items of interest go all the way up to July 28, 2013.

<b>STATE OF</b> [REDACTED]		File No. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] County		In The General Court Of Justice <input type="checkbox"/> District <input type="checkbox"/> Superior Court Division
<b>IN THE MATTER OF:</b>		<b>INVENTORY OF ITEMS SEIZED PURSUANT TO SEARCH</b> G.S. 15A-223, 15A-254, -257
Name [REDACTED] Brian David [REDACTED]		
I, the undersigned officer, executed a search of:		
Person, Premises Or Vehicle Searched [REDACTED] / Brian David [REDACTED] and the premises and property located at [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]		Date Of Search 08/28/2012
This search was made pursuant to		
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1. a search warrant issued by: Detective Sergeant [REDACTED] PD and Detective [REDACTED] PD		
<input type="checkbox"/> 2. consent to search given by: Signed by Superior Court Judge [REDACTED]		
<input type="checkbox"/> 3. other legal justification for the search: [REDACTED]		
The following items were seized: See Attachment Entitled "Receipt For Evidence And/Or Property" Form		

All of this time, Brian had maintained that he was being setup, and his family also believed this to be the case. Brian had been writing articles about corruption in the government for three years as well as interviewing people. He was an activist prior to the police raid, and his website was getting thousands of hits a day. This is something that Brian's attorneys ignored. Brian had talked to them about how he could have possibly been setup by this senator because the timing of the police raid was just after he had been writing articles about this senator for a month, putting comments on his Facebook page and had been kicked out of the town council for asking this senator a question on July 9, 2012. Now we found out that the senator's son was involved with the search warrant, and that the dates for the illegal files were 11 months after the computer was taken from our house. Everything was starting to line up to a possibility that perhaps the theory that this state senator had set him up to shut him up could be true.

Here is an email about what Brian's first attorney had to say about a possible setup attempt.



## Jailed with Autism

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Thursday, August 7, 2014 7:39 PM

Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ and Ms. Hill

*Yes, I received this email and its attachment. I also received your email of July 14, 2014, which you resent on July 31, 2014, and all of its attachments. I have reviewed all of the material you forwarded on Brian's behalf. There is no question, nor was there any question even before I reviewed these materials, that Brian had been very interested in, and vocal about, various issues, that he was very active on the Internet with respect to those issues, that he appeared at various public events to discuss those issues with public officials, and that on at least one occasion, he was escorted out of a meeting. However, I am not aware of any credible evidence that Brian was "framed," or "set up" by anyone. Even if Brian may have annoyed some of those public officials, I do not believe they would have perceived him as a serious threat to their political careers. Moreover, I believe it is very unlikely they would risk their careers to "frame" him or "set him up." Most important of all, in my judgment it is not realistic to believe that, even if they were so inclined, those public officials command the necessary resources - political, financial or technical - to "frame" Brian or "set him up" by planting child pornography on his computer. In any event, it is important to remember that Brian pled guilty pursuant to a very favorable plea agreement, and if he asks the Court to allow him to withdraw his guilty plea, he could very well end up in a much worse position. I do not believe it is in Brian's best interest to encourage him to ask to withdraw his plea of guilty, nor do I believe it is in Brian's best interest to encourage him to continue asserting that he was "framed" or "set up."*

*I understand your concern for Brian, and your interest in seeing that he is treated well and fairly. I appreciate your continued close involvement with his case. For Brian's sake, I urge you not to encourage or assist behavior on his part that will likely only make things worse for him.*

*First Assistant Federal Public Defender*

It seems like the district attorney would be biased towards my son since Brian had been writing provocative articles about his father for about a month prior to the search warrant. It seems like a conflict of interest to me. Of course, Brian's first

lawyer refused to believe that these political connections to the state senator had anything to do with a possible setup, even though he knew very well that this state senator's son was involved with Brian's case because his name was all over the discovery report.

Before Brian's arrest in 2013, my son had done some careful detective work on his own to see if there were any connections between the senator and the police detectives to prove a possible setup by him, even though we also had some other theories. As I wrote in the first chapter, Brian and I had gone to the Bilderburg protests in 2012 (We were filmed there by the police), and also Brian got results in a FOIA request from Homeland Security in 2012, which was written about on the popular website "Prison Planet" and other websites. These were the other two theories that he also investigated, and I have to say it was eerie that Brian was arrested by Homeland Security in 2013 since he had made that FOIA request with them in 2012. His setup attempt could have come from any of these scenarios, and there is no way for us to know for certain where the Trojan virus came from that infected my son's computer with these awful photos. We did not see any photos in the discovery papers. It just had type written descriptions and dates of what they said were found on his computer, again, **these dates were 11 months after the police confiscated Brian's computer and hard drives on August 28, 2012. It plainly states that items of interest were being downloaded from July 20, 2012 until July, 2013 with typewritten descriptions, no photos at all.** It could have come from anyone or anywhere around the world. However, he did find an interesting connection between one of the detectives and the state senator, so that added more weight to that theory.

It turned out that one of the police detectives that was at the police raid and at Brian's interrogation had a sister who worked for the district attorney, which, of course, was the state senator's son. I was never quite sure if this meant anything, although I did find it to be an interesting connection; however, after seeing the discovery report, this connection seemed quite credible as a possible conspiracy to setup my son. This plot would have involved the state senator, district attorney and certain police in our town police department. Also, keep in mind that the state senator was the town lawyer and in the town council. If this setup scenario did happen, then we needed to find hard proof. Even though there were all of these

connections between these people and the state senator, it could be completely coincidental. All of these connections themselves were compelling, but they were not proof of a setup. The only way that we could find some hard proof was to be able to hire a computer forensic expert to look into Brian's hard drive. This would not be easy to do as we were about to find out at a later time.

During this time just after Brian came home, I was starting a friendship with my sister's friend. It turned out that even though I had been hiding my depression from my parents, my sister had a dream about me, and she suddenly knew that there was something wrong. She contacted our mom about her dream, and questioned her as to whether I was doing okay. My mom told her that I seemed to be doing fine, and it was later on that she found out that I wasn't. Anyway, after my problems all came out, my sister wanted for me to make some new friends, and she got me in touch with a friend whom she had for about 20 years. This friendship also eventually led to meeting a group of friends.

What was interesting about my new friend is that she understood what my son was going through because she had a nephew who was in jail for a similar conviction. You may have heard the phrase *"Trust that God will put the right people in your life at the right time and for the right reasons"* or something similar. This is what happened to me with this friendship. She understood what my family and I were going through because her family had been through the same thing. When a loved one is convicted, whether innocent or guilty, it affects the entire family too. As I began to learn more about her, I realized how special she is and how positive this was going to be for my life. It turned out that she is a Christian, and that we had some other interests in common. Every moment that I spent with her in the past and now has been filled with so much fun, and we have yet to have any kind of argument or drama for the past two years. She is an honest and sincere person, and she has definitely been a blessing in my life and my son's life. It is rare to have a friend like her.

My friend's nephew had been working on a seasonal job for a few years, and he had discovered that this place that he worked had some drug deals going on there. One day the police came to his house to question him about his co-worker's fourteen year old daughter's accusation that she had been raped. He initially told them he was innocent, but after awhile of questioning they coerced him into saying

that he was guilty and even got him to write down what they told him to write. His boss used to be a police officer, and he knew many people within the police department. There was absolutely no evidence that he raped her, other than her accusations. The police wanted to check her bed to collect a DNA sample, but her father refused. When I heard this story, I thought about how the police had coerced my son into a false confession also. It's hard to believe that someone can be convicted based on hearsay and with no evidence whatsoever. I have read articles that talk about how many people have been coerced into confessions after hours of pressure and much duress. Her nephew maintains that he is innocent and is currently trying to get his conviction overturned. The girl has even admitted to other people that she lied. He got sentenced to almost eight years in prison and has served over half of that time already. He and his family feel like he was setup due to what he discovered about the drug dealing that was going on at this place of business. He was told by the public defender he would get 40 years if he didn't take the plea agreement, so he pleaded guilty. His family had a lot of evidence to prove his innocence or at least reasonable doubt. His family was told that even if the family had a video of him in China at the time of the alleged incident, they would not use it in his defense. After hearing about his story, I began to wonder about how many innocent people are in prison.

My son wanted to get his conviction overturned and with the new evidence he felt like this might be a possibility. He applied for an appeal in his motions, and the court appointed him a new lawyer. This new lawyer was also going to carry out the procedure to get Brian's lawful data back as the judge had approved of that in one of Brian's previous motions. This would mean that all of our other computers would be returned to us. We were thrilled that we would be getting most of our stuff back, but we had no idea what was going to happen to us in the process.

Brian made a call to the county sheriff to make an inquiry about how the police got our IP address, and he was told to contact an investigator. He called the investigator, and she said towards the end of the call that she was going to tell our town police department about his inquiry. Brian then got two calls from our formal town's police department on the cell phone he had borrowed from his grandma. He had never given the police department his grandma's personal cell phone number, so we know it came from this investigator at the sheriff's office that

he called. We and Brian had given the police department his grandparents' home phone number but no cell phone numbers. Brian sent a fax to the police department to call his lawyer.

Brian's new lawyer said that our former town's police department had agreed to start turning over the computers which they had been holding that contained nothing illegal. We told him that we were not going to go back there, and he said that he could pick them up for us. We gave him permission to pick them up, and he brought a partial pickup of some of the inventory directly to our house. He said that they would release the rest at another time. He gave us the inventory list of what had been released to us. Most of the stuff that was released back to us were old laptops that Brian had kept for parts, but they were seized during the police raid; however, we did find a laptop hard drive in one of the boxes that looked like it might work. Brian wanted to get an external case for this hard drive, so my parents found one at a Best Buy store for him. Once he got the case, he hooked it up to his computer to see what was on there. He was hoping to find his old photos from trips that we had been on in the past, but what he found instead was very scary. He saw a few child porn photos on this hard drive. He then came upstairs and told us what was on this hard drive. We were scared! We made the decision to destroy the hard drive because we had read about a guy who found child porn on his computer, and he took it to the FBI to report that a hacker put something illegal on his hard drive, and he ended up getting arrested for possession. We were afraid to report it to the FBI because we could all get arrested. Also we did not want any of that filth in our house for the weekend. It was starting to snow outside, and we didn't know how long that filth would be in our home. My stepdad smashed the hard drive with a hammer immediately. We became paranoid about all of the stuff that was given back to us by the police department, so we wanted to dispose of everything that they sent us. We threw all of it away!

It was almost like a thriller movie that you would see in the theater. We didn't know if there was anything illegal in all of these old laptops, but we treated everything, as if it did. We didn't want to wait until the trash day to dispose of all of these computers, so we put everything in our car and disposed of it in trash cans at many different gas stations and any dumpsters that we could find. My heart was beating so fast, and I felt a sense of paranoia. We all did. It is like you suddenly

are hyperaware of everything going on around you, and you are watching everybody closely. At one point, my mom had the thought that they could have bugged this stuff, and so when she said that out loud, we even became afraid to talk about what was happening. We all became silent at that point. We drove miles that night putting a little bit here and there in trash cans that we could find, until finally we had completely disposed of it all. I can still remember that night like it was yesterday, I would grab a laptop that we wrapped up in numerous bags and throw it in a trash can. That night we were racing against time because a big snow storm was coming our way. It was a completely terrifying night for us as we wanted to get all of that stuff out of the apartment, and it was really cold outside. No one can ever know what this is like unless they have been through something similar, but it felt like complete terror to us. I've never had an experience like that before, and I hope that I never do again.

It was really terrifying for me because after we got the computers back from the police department, we were storing all of the boxes in my apartment in the sun porch. I had this stuff for days stored in my apartment unaware that I had a ticking time bomb in the form of illegal photos in my possession. If there had been a police raid during that time, I would have been possibly arrested for possession of child porn. This still gives me nightmares!

We can't say for certain that this police department was attempting to set Brian up for a second time, nor can we say for certain that this new lawyer was trying to set Brian up again, but anyone that had access to the evidence could have stuck that laptop hard drive into that box. This particular box had two holes in the side for carrying, so anyone could have put that inside of this evidence box. However, I will say this, what happened with these computers being returned could also be more evidence that the police department was involved in the setup of my son. It is not solid evidence, but it does make me wonder.

Afterwards, we reported the setup attempt to Brian's probation officer, and we told her that the hard drive was destroyed by my stepdad. We also told her that we threw away everything that was returned to us. We also left a message reporting what was found in the evidence box to his lawyer, and we never really received a reply back. That seemed suspicious to us as well.



Sometime afterwards, someone attempted to send child porn to the cell phone Brian had borrowed from his grandma, and Brian reported that to his probation officer. Remember, this was the same cell phone number that our former town's police department called twice. Is this further evidence of a setup scenario involving the police department? We will probably never know. Brian's probation officer came over to get the phone, and as far as we know that cell phone was never checked out, and it still remains locked up as evidence as another setup attempt. We do not know why it was never investigated.

Brian's appeal was denied because it was ultimately filed too late. This devastated Brian and his family, but there were still options that Brian had to try to overturn his conviction.

After all that we have been through over the past 4 and half years, I no longer will ever feel completely safe, even in my own home. These experiences have completely changed my son's life, my life and my parent's life forever. The second setup attempt could have landed me in jail and possibly my parents, and so there is no way that we will ever attempt to get our other computers back or any of the other stuff that they took from us on the day of the raid. I don't trust this police department, and I never will. They can have our stuff! The person or people responsible for setting up my son, and who are responsible for the second and third setup attempts will be judged by God. The justice system here in America has let us down, but on judgment day I know that justice will prevail.

The second biggest storm that could have hit us had been diverted by the hand of God and us for quickly thinking on what we needed to do. It scares me to think about what could have happened, and I know now that we need to be more careful about what we let come into our home. The problem is that even though our homes are locked, our internet is not, and I sometimes get afraid of having my computers hooked up to a network that could lead to free access into my home. The laws are set up so that whatever is on our computers is in our possession, and therefore, we can be charged with a crime and not even know what happened. My computers are often infected with adware and spyware, and occasionally I get a virus. I did not put any of that stuff on my computer, and I have to constantly use an adware and spyware remover as well as using an antivirus program once in awhile to see if anything has infected my computer. This is an area of our lives

that doesn't seem to be recognized by our current legal system. It is a fact that our computers are open to all kinds of unwanted programs, and yet if a hacker, program or virus puts something on our computer, we are held liable. This does not seem right to me! How can we be held responsible for something that we did not put in our computer? How can my son be held responsible for what a Trojan virus put on his computer? These are topics and questions that need to be addressed in the legal system today. We can't continue to have old laws that do not apply to our new technology, and so we need new laws that take into consideration the problems that can occur with having our computers on the internet.

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### Probation

The rest of the year for 2015 was going to be filled with more destructive storms, and the most destructive of all was a storm that we initially saw was coming in the distance; however, it took awhile before the storm actually hit us. This storm left a lot of destruction in its wake, and we were left picking up the mess from this storm for quite some time.

At first, everything was going well with Brian's probation officer, and she was able to get rid of one of Brian's conditions that he would have to take a random drug test. It was obvious that Brian wasn't on drugs and had never used them before, but her main reason for stopping the drug test was that he took so long washing his hands before each test. She got to see firsthand what his family saw every day with Brian's OCD hand washing routines, and she decided that it wasn't worth the time to wait for his routine to do each drug test.

In April of 2015, the house that I bought with my friend was finally sold, and that meant that I could move on with my life without worrying about this house that I co-owned with her. I was really pleased with the real estate agent's diligent effort to get it sold before his contract ran out; because we were trying to figure out whether we wanted to sign another contract with him or find another real estate agent since it had been for sale for about six months. We all were happy that the house sold, and now we wouldn't have to worry about that anymore.

Brian had found a way to text the court with a new motion, and even though technically he did not violate his probation rules, it turned out that what he did was much more complicated than any of us could have ever imagined. He had used MMS, which stands for Multimedia Messaging Service, and this type of text messaging allows the person to include video, audio or pictures with their text. He had also learned that he could text messages to specific emails, which made it look like he was using the internet even though he was not. The clerk of the court phoned him to tell him that this was not allowed, and so he agreed to not do this again. We thought that this was the end of that problem, but it was only the beginning.

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One day the probation officer came over and told Brian that he was not allowed to use his cell phone anymore. She got a call from the judge who had been over Brian's case, and he told her that Brian was not allowed to text the court on his phone. So she came to the house and told Brian in front of his grandparents that he could not use his phone anymore, not even to call his lawyer. This had never been a condition of his probation rules, and so we were confused as to how his rules could just change so suddenly and without any warning. This is something that people should never do with someone with autism because any kind of sudden change can confuse them and set them off into a meltdown. This incident showed how much his probation officer did not know about autism. She should have gradually made a change like that one, which would have given him time to cope with the new change. Brian started to become upset at what was going on, and he started to have a little meltdown. He threw some small decorations on the floor, but he never threw anything at any of us or his probation officer. His probation officer stood at the door the entire time, which was unusual because normally she would come inside. We all tried to calm Brian down and so did his probation officer, and at one point Brian walked out of the room. He realized that his blood sugar was high and wanted to go do his shot, and he also wanted to get away so that he could calm himself down. His probation officer called him back into the room, and he started having a meltdown again. Finally the probation officer just left, and we worked on trying to calm Brian down until he was feeling better. The whole rest of the day we were expecting the police to come and arrest Brian because of some things that she had said. That did not happen, but unfortunately this foreshadowed what was to come.

About a month later, I was up in my apartment when I suddenly get a phone call from a Marshal saying that they have arrested Brian and that I need to bring Brian's insulin to the front door of the downstairs apartment. I was shocked! I remembered that the last time that I had checked on Brian he was taking his shower, and now he was arrested. They had arrested my son in his downstairs apartment, and I had not heard anything to alert me to what was going on. I quickly got Brian's insulin pens together and took them down to the Marshal, and he let me talk to Brian for a minute before taking him off to jail. Later on, Brian told me that the Marshals forcibly came into his apartment with a taser gun pointed at him.

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We looked up his case on Pacer, which shows legal documents that have been filled in Brian's case and found out that she was trying to get Brian charged with a felony for a probation violation. She had actually filed the paperwork on the day that he had his autistic meltdown, but it had taken about a month for them to come and arrest him. This arrest wasn't just for his meltdown, but it was because he had sent an email with his cell phone to the court. Even though he never sent another text to an email address after the clerk of court called him and told him not to do that anymore, they were still trying to hold him responsible for sending that text to the court. They were also holding him responsible for his meltdown that was related to his autism spectrum disorder, and her report was making him sound like he was a violent person in the community. I was wondering why the court was now punishing people for autistic behavior by putting them in jail?

I had already forgotten about the incident so this was a shock to me. When you raise a child with autism, frequent meltdowns and sudden outbursts is a part of the journey, so I am used to such behavior. When Brian was a child, he had those every day until he got older, and then he would have a meltdown every once in awhile when he got really stressed over something bad that was happening. Every parent who raises a person with autism never thinks of the meltdowns as being criminal behavior particularly when no one is hurt. The fact that Brian's probation officer had him arrested for behavior that is related to his autism took me and my family by surprise.

We knew that she was angry with Brian on the day he had the meltdown, and we were afraid that she would have him arrested that day, but we never thought that it would happen a month later. He didn't hurt anybody in his meltdown, and he didn't threaten her nor did he throw anything at her. He did call her a few names during the meltdown, but name calling isn't a crime. He was a few yards away from her, and he only threw down a few things on the floor. It made me realize again that she was ignorant about autism and did not know how to handle autistic behavior. You never make changes too quickly with someone with autism because their routines become very rigid and to change their normal daily routines can make them feel overwhelmed and very stressed out. This incident made me afraid that they could continue this cycle, and they would possibly keep putting Brian back in jail and giving him a felony for anytime that he displayed autistic behavior.

He had become used to texting his friends every day, which was his only social outlet, and she very abruptly tried to take away his right to use his cell phone and to text. It made no sense to Brian when there were no rules against him using a cell phone or texting. They never told him that he couldn't text an email on his phone, but now they were calling what he did a probation violation. Just because he was so smart that he found a way to email without using the internet shouldn't mean that they punish him. He had found a loophole, and the judge did not like that at all. That email was not sent from the internet, as his grandma's phone did not have an internet connection. He sent that email through the cell phone connection, but now they were making out like he was using the internet.

Here is an excerpt from a website explaining how people can text to an email address.

### *How Can I Send an Email via Text Message?*

*"Fire up SMS on your phone, but instead of entering in a number you want to text, enter an email address. Any email address. Compose your text like normal, hit Send, and your carrier will convert the message to an email."*

<http://lifehacker.com/5506326/how-can-i-send-an-email-via-text-message>

As you can see from this website explanation, the cell phone user does not use the internet to send a text to an email, and it is the cell phone carrier that converts the message to an actual email. Brian did not violate his terms of probation because he did not use the internet to send the email. He texted his email from his cell phone, and it was the cell phone carrier that turned that text into an email.

His probation officer also made him look like he was a violent criminal, even though he did not hurt her in any way, other than her ego for the names he called her. She was trying to get Brian put in prison for 2 years and in a halfway house for 6 months afterwards. It was shocking to read her report on Pacer, and we were afraid that Brian was never going to be free of the cycle of being put in prison over and over again. I was so depressed about what was happening to my son. He had never been the criminal type, but now the Federal judicial system was trying to turn him into a criminal. I was afraid that now he was going to get another felony



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added to his record. Brian had only been free for about a little over 6 months, and now he was back in jail awaiting another trial.

We did some research to find out more about halfway houses, and we realized that she wanted to put him in a home after his release from jail that was just for a place for him to stay overnight. During the day he would have to leave the halfway house, and take care of himself. She had not even taken into consideration that Brian has autism, brittle type one diabetes, OCD and seizures, so he could not take care of himself. I had been paid through a Medicaid Waiver program to take care of Brian, and now after he got released from jail, she was apparently expecting him to magically start taking care of himself. We were afraid about what could happen if Brian was convicted of a probation violation and forced into spending two more years in prison and six months in a halfway house without a caretaker in another state about 3 hours from where I now live.

Brian was appointed a new lawyer, and we were able to talk to her on the phone and let her know our concerns. We told her that his meltdown was related to his autism and that we were witnesses to the whole event, and he never hurt his probation officer in any way. It was refreshing to have a lawyer who would actually listen to us for a change. His new lawyer tried to find an autism expert who could testify at his hearing, but unfortunately it was around the July 4<sup>th</sup> weekend, and she couldn't find anyone who would be available to testify on the date of the trial.

During the time that Brian was in jail this time he had a terrible seizure, and the doctor acknowledged that some things were going to have to change with how his staff deals with Brian's diabetic care. This was something that we were afraid was going to happen the first time he was in jail, but as far as we know he did not have that many seizures during that incarceration. We were determined to get him out of jail and without a conviction this time and so was his lawyer.

Due to the wording of the probation officer's report on Pacer, we knew that we would have to prove that Brian was not a danger to the community. My parents asked both of our neighbors if they would write a letter stating that they considered Brian to not be a danger to our neighborhood since both of them knew Brian for over 7 years and had now been neighbors of his for over 2 years. We were very

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pleased and appreciative when both of them wrote letters about Brian for the court hearing to be admitted as evidence that Brian was not a danger to his community.

I emailed another lawyer whom Brian had been talking to prior to his second arrest. Brian had a friend who helped him get in touch with this lawyer who had been helping other activists, and he had been texting her about questions and concerns that he had about his case. He was hoping that she would represent him in trying to get his conviction overturned. I wrote to her about what had happened to Brian and at one point I asked her if she could represent Brian at the hearing. She said that she couldn't represent him about the probation violation, but that she could help with trying to get his conviction overturned with filing a 2255 motion to the court.

We were able to meet with this lawyer on the morning of Brian's hearing, and she asked us all kinds of questions. She agreed to represent him pro bono, and we were so thrilled. She wanted to get all of Brian's medical records and his diagnoses, and so I agreed to send all of the addresses and phone numbers that I had about his doctors, the hospitals he had stayed, as well as TEEACH and school records. She was going to write all of these places to get their records on Brian. She also asked if I could give her some money to pay for a computer forensics expert and an autism expert. She asked for \$3,000 to \$4,000, and I told her that I would give her \$3,000 to help with those costs, and a week later I mailed out the check to her. We were hopeful that she would be able to hire a computer forensics expert to prove that Brian had a Trojan virus on his computer that put the child porn images on his laptop and continued to do so even under the custody of the SBI.

During the trial, I was called up to testify about Brian's autism, and so I did my best to point out that autistic people have a hard time coping with sudden changes in their routines or way of life. I told the court that any changes with Brian's restrictions and rules would have to be made slowly to give him a chance to process what is going on and why. Brian's lawyer asked some really good questions about autism, and it gave me a chance to address about how Brian's disability played a significant role in his meltdown.

When it came time for the prosecutor to cross examine, I was in for a brutal number of questions. The prosecutor read my book about what it is like to raise a child with autism. I primarily wrote my book for other parents who have autistic children and to educate people about autism, but it had never occurred to me that someone would use that book against my son and me in a court hearing. I was so horrified when he began to question me about what I wrote in my book about Brian's behavior when he was growing up. He tried to make out like Brian has tantrums all the time as he tried to prove that he was dangerous. I fired back that Brian had these really bad meltdowns when he was a child, and that is what my book described was his childhood meltdowns. Then he quoted a passage from my book where I described Brian as being a computer genius. I could not go against what I said in my book, so I agreed that he was, even though I knew that he was going to try to use that to prove that Brian had found a way to hack into our computers or some other way to get on the internet. I was so mad at myself because I froze and could not think about how to counteract his question where he quoted from my book. Here is what I wish I had said "Brian is not a hacker, I meant that anytime I had a problem with my computer that he knew what to do to help me, and that he was really good at setting up websites that look professional."

You would not believe how many times I have beaten myself up over freezing and not knowing what to say when he quoted from my book. The problem is that when the prosecutor is firing one question after another at you it becomes hard to think, and especially when you don't know what they are going to ask and had no preparation on how to answer specific questions. In other words, you don't know what the prosecutor is going to ask, and he will ask you some questions that will throw you off. It never occurred to me that the prosecutor was going to read my book. Quite frankly, I am appalled that someone would read my book about how tough Brian's life has been in struggling with health problems, a disability and mental illness, and then would turn that against him in a court of law. This prosecutor has no compassion whatsoever to do that to my son and to me. How would he like it if he walked in my son's shoes, and grew up in poverty, without a dad, or with diabetes, seizures, severe insulin reactions, high blood sugar, Autism Spectrum Disorder, Intermittent Explosive disorder and Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD)? How would he like to be taunted, criticized, made fun of and persecuted for his problems? My son has had a tough life, and to see how the

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Federal judicial system has treated him makes me feel so terrible for him. Brian does not deserve any of what has happened to him by our legal system, and whoever set him up will eventually have to face God with what they have done to him. I only hope to soon see the day that real justice will prevail in his case and in all cases of people who have been wrongfully convicted by the Federal court.

Brian's probation officer did not bring up that the judge had called her, nor did she tell about how she told Brian that he could not use his cell phone anymore. She did admit that Brian had not physically hit her, nor throw anything at her, but she made out like she was afraid of him. This was a woman that was twice the size of my son, so I doubt very seriously that she would have been afraid of him.

Brian's lawyer did a really good job questioning me, Brian's granddad and his probation officer. I could tell that she was doing everything in her power to get Brian out of jail and to make sure that he would not be convicted again. I was very grateful for the job that she did in the courtroom that day. He was not found guilty of a probation violation; however, the judge did give him six months home detention for his meltdown in front of his probation officer. This would mean that for the next six months Brian would be homebound and would have to wear a GPS ankle cuff.

Brian was released to go home on the same day of his hearing, and we were glad that he would be going home with us. We weren't too pleased with the six months of home detention, but at least he would be coming back home with us. We went to the jail to pick him up after his release, and his lawyer happened to be at the jail at the same time. In addition, the lawyer whom we had met with in the morning was done with another trial that she had, and she had come back to the city we were in to meet with us again. She came by the jail too, and so both of Brian's lawyers were there at the jail and got to see him after his release. It was interesting to listen to them talk to one another about the court and the many problems that they have had to deal with in their cases. It was apparent that both of his lawyers did not approve of some of the things that they were seeing in the Federal court system. They both talked about how the state court cases were a lot better than the Federal court cases that they had. When Brian came out, he was surprised to see both lawyers there waiting with us, and he was happy that all of us were there for him, both lawyers, mom and grandparents. It was nice for him to actually spend

some time with the lawyer whom he had been texting with his questions for a few months.

Within days of Brian's release his probation officer called him and told him that she would not be over his case anymore and to expect a call from his new probation officer soon. We were so thrilled to hear this news, and we were hoping that Brian would get a better probation officer this time. When he finally did come over to put the GPS ankle monitor on, we got a chance to meet him for the first time. We all thought that he was really nice, and he seemed to understand about Brian's autism. Brian told him that he was going to fight this decision, and his probation officer told him that if the court orders that the GPS monitor be taken off that he would come do it that very day. He did not seem to like having to put the GPS tracker on Brian, but he had to do his job.

For the next six months Brian had to wear this heavy GPS device on his ankle, and he had to charge it daily while he slept and sometimes even during the day time. There were many times that it would start beeping for no reason, and Brian would have to get closer to the base device to get it to quit beeping. The cuff itself was big and bulky, and it was uncomfortable to Brian, but he was forced to wear it for a full six months.

The home detention completely wrecked his summer, because I had some trips planned that I wanted to go on, and we had just bought some kayaks, but Brian wouldn't be able to use them for six months. This was the second summer in two years time that Brian would not be able to enjoy.

I used this extra time to start writing another research book about the Solfeggio tones, which I had been studying and researching for about ten years. These tones were encoded into the Bible and many other researchers believed that these electromagnetic frequencies or tones would be used in the new song of the 144,000 that is talked about in the book of Revelation. There were so many things that I had mathematically decoded about these tones, and so I wanted to get this information out there. It took me a few months, but towards the end of February I was able to publish my latest book.

At some point the court wanted to enforce another term of his probation that he would have to attend group counseling for sex offenders. This was something that

Brian did not want to do because he had never raped anyone or molested a child, and he is a virgin; however, he was still forced into being around people who had. I can still remember taking Brian to his first group counseling session. I went into the probation office to wait with him until they opened the doors. There were a few people who were early too, and they were waiting out there with us. This one guy was there for awhile before others came inside, and he looked big and tough. I was concerned that the court wanted Brian to be around these kinds of people, especially since I knew that Brian is innocent. They finally opened the door to the meeting room, and so I left Brian and told him I would come back and pick him up afterwards.

After the group counseling, I picked Brian up and asked him what the counseling was like, and he told me that when it came time for him to speak, he told everyone that he was innocent. I asked Brian about the tough big guy who had waited with us, and he told me that he had abducted and raped. I was shocked! I never waited with Brian after that time, so I would just drop him off from the parking lot. It aggravated me that the court wanted Brian to be around these type of people, and particularly because Brian is a virgin and had never had a girlfriend other than a few online girlfriends when he was younger.

Most autistic people will never have a romantic relationship and will never have sex in their entire life. I did not want for him to hear about the rapists and child molesters stories of what they did. It seemed to me like the court was trying to expose Brian with his autism to a lot of perverted stuff that he had never heard of before. I wondered how this was all going to affect him emotionally and mentally. These are the kind of people whom I wanted to protect my son from when he was growing up, and now the court was forcing Brian to be around those type of people. Brian kept asserting his innocence in the group therapy and in the questionnaire he had to fill out, so he was finally let out of the group counseling requirement. The counselors felt like they could not help him because he kept telling them he was innocent and that he had a virus that put the child porn on his computer. I was glad when he no longer had to go to sex offender group counseling anymore.



Brian kept trying to find a way to fight the six months of home detention, but he finally realized that he wasn't going to be able to do anything so accepted it eventually. We just dealt with the home detention as best as we could.

I was starting to think about looking for a duplex for Brian and me since I had the money from my house selling in a money market account. At one point, someone had stolen my debit card number and had charged about \$700 dollars of stuff at Sam's Club, so I reported to the bank that I did not buy that stuff, and they investigated. After less than two weeks I got my money back, but I started to feel unsafe about keeping my money in the bank. I stepped up my efforts to look for a duplex for Brian and me, and I continued to look online for a good deal. Around the same time I saw that a triplex that I had looked at two and half years ago was still on the market and the sign said that the price just got reduced. What is interesting is that I had looked at this triplex in the past and had signed some papers to buy it, but I put that I wanted the sellers to pay half of the closing cost, and they refused. I got out of the contract and started looking at more houses before I bought the house with my friend.

I looked up the triplex online, but they had not yet listed the reduced price. About a day later, I told my parents about this triplex being reduced, and so my step dad looked it up and found the price. It was now listed as being \$28,900, even though when I had looked at it over two years ago it was priced around \$70,000. I was surprised that the price had dropped that low. I called the real estate agent immediately, and we scheduled a time for me to look at the triplex. The triplex was only a few blocks from my parent's apartments, so I walked down that morning to the triplex, and after looking at all three apartments, I decided that I wanted to buy it and signed the contract with the real estate agent. She set the closing date for the middle of January. I was thrilled! Brian was going to have a huge apartment with two bedrooms, a big living room, kitchen, dining room, bathroom and a big laundry room/den. I couldn't wait for Brian to see his new apartment!

I had to get inside stairs put in that would go down to Brian's apartment so that I wouldn't have to go outside to check on Brian and test his blood sugar plus Brian has seizures night and day. I also had to convert all of the apartments into one electrical meter because I was being charged monthly for water, sewer and trash

for every apartment. I had saved some money during the time I was working, so I was able to get all of that work done before we moved into the triplex. We moved into our new home in May of 2016.

During the winter Brian's attorney told us that the SBI was unable to locate Brian's laptop, and she asked Brian for the serial number to his computer, which was listed on the inventory sheets. He gave her the number and also wrote the SBI to ask them about his computer. He received a letter back that said that they would work with his attorney in allowing a computer forensic expert to look at his laptop. By the summertime, his lawyer was able to get two quotes for computer experts, and we were shocked by what they charge. One expert would charge over \$7,000 and the other one said that it would be at least \$5,000. We were afraid that the one expert that said *at least* \$5,000 was going to charge more than that amount due to his careful wording, because \$5,000 was just the minimum it could be.

Brian started doing internet radio interviews on the phone about what had happened to him, and one day he was contacted by a writer at *We Are Change* who wanted to write an article about his experience. He kept calling Brian to ask him questions, and we helped out by sending documents through email to the writer when he requested them. Another requirement of probation is that Brian could not use the internet, so his grandparents and I had to always help with anything that required the internet. If he ever needed to contact someone on the internet, we always had to send an email on his behalf. At one point, Brian had problems faxing his monthly report to his probation office, and so he would scan his report and I sent an email to his probation officer. No one ever realizes how much we use the internet these days until someone is not allowed to use it or their internet service is disrupted. With Brian, his family has to help him when something needs to be done over the internet.

There were two attempts to get Brian to take a polygraph test, and the first was with the first probation officer and the second was with his new probation officer. Brian resisted both attempts because he and his grandma had read that people with an Autism Spectrum Disorder can give a false positive on the test. The third attempt Brian had no choice but to finally take the polygraph test, which was a requirement for his probation. In August of 2016, we went to the probation office, so he could take his polygraph test, and he was really nervous. There was one

question that he knew they would ask, and he was afraid that he could be charged again. The question was have you looked at child porn since your conviction? Brian would have to say “yes”, because of the second setup attempt after our old computers were returned by the police department. Remember, he had already reported this attempt to his first probation officer and the hard drive was destroyed, but he still had to answer all questions honestly. We all told Brian just to answer it truthfully, but explain what happened. He was still afraid that they would try to convict him again and use that to put him in jail again.

He talked to his counselor about his fear of the polygraph test and asked him if he could go there to assist him. To our surprise, when we got to the office, his counselor was there. He had taken off his entire day to be there for Brian, and we were all grateful that he was there to help him. Brian was extremely nervous and fearful that they were going to put him in jail again. His counselor gave Brian good advice and was there to help calm him down because of Brian’s anxiety issues, obsessive worrying from his OCD and from communication problems with his autism. We were all extremely impressed that Brian’s counselor rode an hour to the city and took off his entire day to be there for Brian. I don’t think that most counselors would have done that for their client, but he did, and I think it shows how dedicated and compassionate he is to be there for Brian. He did not get paid for this.

We all talked with the polygraph examiner, and we gave him some papers. One of the papers that I gave him was an article about people giving false positives on polygraph tests, and I questioned him a little bit about what I had read. He reassured me that everything would be okay and that polygraph testing is accurate. He didn’t convince me though, because I had done extensive research and knew that they aren’t always accurate. We were all concerned, and even his probation officer was concerned, but he told us that he had to put Brian through this because it was a requirement of his probation.

Brian came out at one point because he had to go to the bathroom, and we knew that this would mean that he would have to do his OCD hand washing routine, so it would take awhile. He wanted to talk to me also about some of the questions. He said that the polygraph examiner asked him about the article on the *We Are Change* website. He asked if Brian used the internet for the article, and he told

him that his family sent emails on his behalf to the writer and that he only talked to him on the phone to answer his questions. I was surprised that the probation office knew about the article.

He also said that the polygraph examiner asked him if he was in the Sovereign Citizens, and when I heard that it reminded me of when the police officers accused him and me of being members of this group during the interrogation of 2012. I was concerned that the polygraph examiner asked that question as I had already told the police officers in our town that we had never been a part of that organization. Brian also told me that he told him that he believed in following the constitution, and apparently that was when he was accused of being in Sovereign Citizens. I don't really know anything much about this organization, but apparently they believe in following the constitution, and that is why he accused Brian of being one of them. Brian and I were confused about why he asked him that same question that the police department had asked him years ago. We thought that all Americans would believe in following the constitution since our country was founded with this important document. It seems odd to us that now if anyone says they want our government to follow the constitution that they can be accused of belonging to this organization. Shouldn't every American believe in following the constitution?

When Brian came back from the bathroom, he was complaining that there was no hot water, and this is a requirement of his OCD that there must be hot water to get rid of the germs. I could tell that he was extremely agitated, but he still had to complete his polygraph test. I wondered if this was going to affect the rest of his polygraph tests, but somehow Brian managed to get through the rest of it despite his irritation about there not being hot water.

At some point during the polygraph Brian's probation officer talked with Brian's counselor, which we thought was a good idea. We were all impressed with Brian's probation officer for making the time to talk to him while he was there that day.

About a month later, Brian got a call from his probation officer, and he told him that he passed the polygraph test and that he wouldn't have to go through that anymore. We were all thrilled, because none of us wanted to see Brian struggle

through that again. It is just too stressful for him to cope with going through that test.

Brian had faxed the Wake Forest School of Law about his case to be reviewed by their Innocence and Justice Clinic, and they accepted his case to be reviewed. In September, their students started to look into his case to see what they could find. They contacted his pro bono lawyer, and we have not heard anything more from them so far, and she told them that we were trying to save money for a computer forensics expert. We have not heard anything yet about what they have found in his case, so we do not know as of yet if they will be able to help Brian; however, we are very grateful for their review and hopeful for any help that they can give him.

In the fall of last year I wrote an article about false confessions and autism, because I wanted to warn other parents about not letting police talk to their autistic child or adult without a lawyer present, and that they should carry a card that informs any police officers about autism. My article was published in *Autism Parenting Magazine* in December's issue #55 in the year 2016. I would like to put this article in my book as a further warning to all parents of autistic children and adults. It is my hope that if I can prevent even just one family from going through what we have been through, then this article and my book will be worth all the time that it has taken to write.

### ***False Confessions of People with Autism***

*It was estimated in 2012 by the U.S. Department of Justice that 30% of prisoners have a form of a cognitive disability. Autism was included within the list of cognitive disabilities that are reported; however, there were no percentages that specifically tell how many people within the autism spectrum are in the prison system. It has been proven that people with autism are known to give false confessions and that law enforcement agencies should be trained in how to question a person with autism or within the autism spectrum disorders.*

*When my son was 22 years old, he was questioned by our town police department in 2012, and my son gave a false confession due to coercion. He was told by the chief of police that if he didn't confess that they could charge his mom with the crime. They also tried to befriend him by asking questions about his website and*

## Jailed with Autism

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*telling him that they had been to his website. These are tactics that can confuse a person with autism.*

*Dennis Debbaudt is a professional investigator and law enforcement trainer who has a son with autism. He trains law enforcement on how to question people who have an autism spectrum disorder, and how they are prone to give false confessions. Unfortunately, many law enforcement agencies are unaware of the problems that can occur with questioning people who have autism.*

*In my son's case, I told the police that my son had autism on the day that they came to our home with a search warrant, but despite my having told them, they were calling him inside during the police raid to question him all by himself. The day after the police raid on our home, two police officers questioned him alone, and he confessed to a crime that he did not commit. They questioned me about his autism before questioning him, and they asked me how much he understood. I told them that he would have to be evaluated by an expert because I did not know the answer to that question. Despite my answer to their question, they interrogated him right after they had talked with me. He was questioned all alone by two police officers, and there was no autism advocate with him or a lawyer. They successfully got him to confess to something that he did not do.*

*Upon reading Debbaudt's paper Interview and Interrogation of people with autism (including Asperger syndrome), I have come to the conclusion that people with autism or an autism spectrum disorder are easy targets for getting false confessions. His paper can be found in a PDF format online at this link. (<https://www.westmidspolfed.com/media/downloads/interview-and-interrogation-of-people-with-autism.pdf> )*

*According to the paper, people with autism can give misleading indications of guilt through a sophisticated form of echolalia, due to trickery and deceit, through believing that the police officers are authority figures, due to police officers that pretend to befriend them and through other techniques and methods. This creates a justice system where all autistic individuals are at a disadvantage due to the special techniques that police officers and other law enforcement personnel apply in questioning them.*



*Furthermore, we were told by his lawyer at the time that he would not bring up autism during Brian's trial because autism can't be used as a defense, nor could his family testify on his behalf, so it seemed as if his lawyer would not use it to explain his false confession either. The justice system does not allow the autistic individual to use autism in their defense, which also means that they can't use autism for the reason of their false confession; therefore, they can't use the very disability that played a part in their false confession as a means to defend themselves in the trial. It's a catch 22 situation!*

*The judicial system seems to be set up in such a way that people with autism are overlooked by a blind spot in two different ways that can erode their ability to receive the same justice that people without disabilities receive. How can the justice system still continue to ignore the plights of autistic people within the current legal system? Is it justice for all or justice for some?*

*I find it disturbing that many law enforcement agencies have not been trained in how to deal with someone with autism or how to question them. It's even more shocking when we realize that autism is on the increase, and it currently affects 1 in 68 people. Why hasn't the justice system started to train all law enforcement agencies? How many false confessions have people with autism made?*

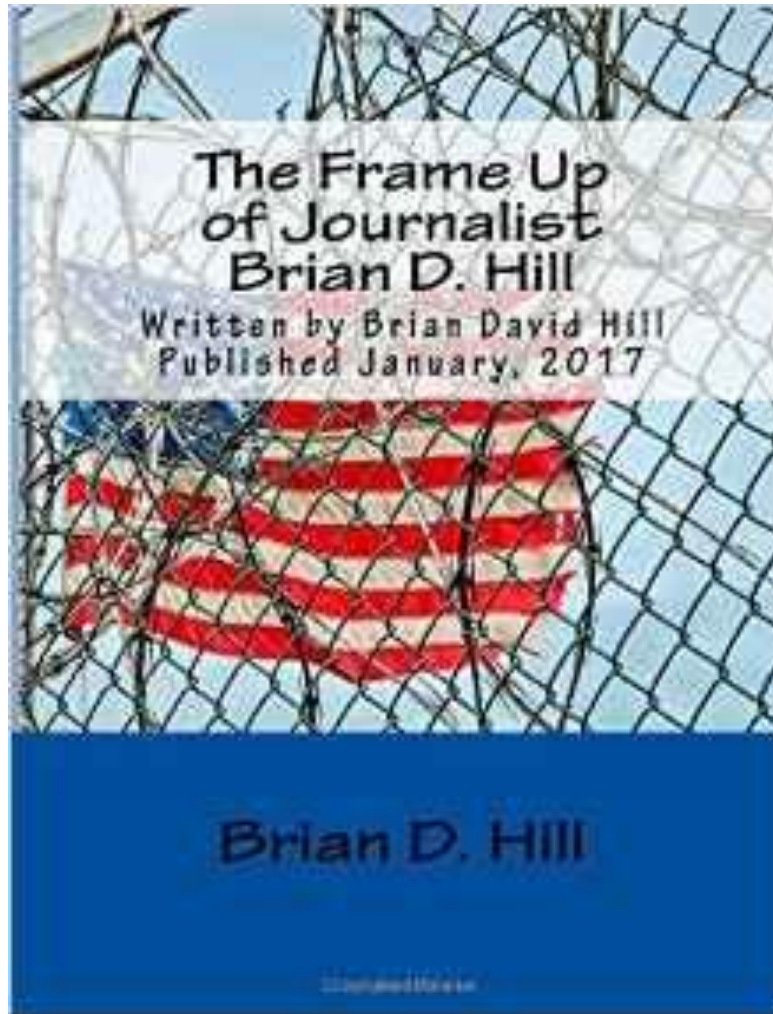
*There are some actions that can be done to prevent adults and children with autism from being in danger of giving a false confession when they are being questioned by the police. There are autism response cards that can be purchased or printed from your computer that explains about autism and that people with autism are at risk of making a false confession. These cards can be given to a police officer, fire fighter or EMT technician in the event of an emergency. The second thing that I would advise is for someone with autism not to answer the questions until you are able to get a lawyer. I wish that I had this information back when this happened to my son because none of this would have ever happened to him if I had been prepared with what to do involving a legal situation. I was ignorant at the time that this happened to my son, so it is very important to educate parents with children who have been diagnosed with an autism spectrum disorder to prevent this from happening to others in the future.*

*There are also other changes that can be made within our legal system to assist people with autism during their questioning by the police, either as a suspect or as a witness. I read a paper called Police interviewing of witnesses and defendants with autism: What is best practice?, and learned that the United Kingdom has registered Intermediaries which are communication specialists that are able to assist in the interviewing process of individuals with autism. These Intermediaries can be psychologists, speech and language therapists, social workers, teachers or nurses who have completed training organized by the UK's Ministry of Justice. Their role is in helping to assist with the communication difficulties of someone being questioned with autism and their role is impartial, so therefore, they are not working for the prosecution or defense. It would be helpful if we had a similar program implemented here in the United States, as well as other countries all around the world. This person would be able to act as an autism advocate within the legal system. In the United States we have autism advocates who assist with IEP meetings within the school system, but what we need are autism advocates who can be available to help with legal matters also. This system would undoubtedly reduce, if not eliminate altogether the number of incidents of people with autism giving false confessions.*

*For now, my son continues to deal with an unjust and biased judicial system that makes it almost impossible for him to get his conviction overturned. The legal system is broken, but it can be fixed, all that is needed is for someone to present the complexities of cases with autism and false confessions to people in the justice system. It may take years to set up a fair system to those who have disabilities like autism, but it is my hope that guidelines will eventually be put into place to help protect and prevent people with autism from ever giving a false confession. I hope that this change will happen in the next few years to accommodate the increase in people born with autism or an autism spectrum disorder. If these changes do not take place soon, then we are going to see more autistic people in prison or jail for crimes that they did not commit. That would be a tragedy!*



In the fall of 2016 Brian started to write a book about what he has been through in the last few years. I was amazed at how quickly he was able to write his book and get it published through Createspace, which is an Amazon company. I started writing my book before him, and so I was shocked at how quickly he wrote his book and finished it before I have finished mine. His book *The Frame Up of Journalist Brian D. Hill* is currently available on Amazon and Kindle Books websites, and the proceeds from his book will be put into a checking account to save for legal funds and for a computer forensics expert.



Brian still has the dream of one day being able to overturn his conviction, and I am hopeful that in the future his dream will come true. The last quote that he got for a computer forensics expert was for \$125 an hour and he said that it could take up to 120 hours. I added up what that could potentially cost us and was shocked that it could be about \$15,000. Brian is still searching for an expert whom we can afford. I would have to say that money is the biggest deterrent for legal help for poor and middle class families in our current judicial system. People who haven't been through the legal system do not realize just how expensive legal expenses can be. When my parents tried to find a lawyer for Brian, they were told that it would be around \$300,000, and we have gotten estimates from computer forensics experts that are in the range of at least \$5,000, \$7,000 and could potentially be as much as \$15,000 depending on how much time it takes to do the job. We have also been told that getting an autism expert to testify would cost thousands for a medical



expert witness, as well as other experts, such as a diabetic expert to testify about low and high blood sugars. As you can see, most people do not have this kind of money, and I think that I should point out that justice is not given to us for free. You have to buy justice in America, and it will be quite costly and unaffordable for most Americans. Therefore, my book's proceeds will also go to my son's legal fund, so that hopefully he can hire another lawyer and get a computer forensics expert to look at his laptop computer at the SBI office.

I have seen my son mature and grow through all that he has been through, and I have watched him grow from a boy into a man. He has fought valiantly to try to overturn his conviction, and whether this happens or not, I know that he is a survivor and will go on. I have watched him run a successful website filled with articles and videotaped interviews for three years when he founded his organization, and I have seen him become an author. He had thousands of people going to his website every day and watching his videos.

My son is an inspiration to me. Most people have not seen his struggles as I have to even know all of the complexities that he deals with each and every day. I have seen seizures that were so bad that I wondered how he could survive them. I have seen the many falls that he has had during severe insulin reactions. I have seen how much of his day is spent in hours of painful OCD hand washing, laundry and shower routines that leaves his hands, arms and face red with skin irritation from the obsessive scrubbing that he does. I've seen days where he seems more autistic and days when the stress is just too overwhelming for him. I've seen times when he feels bad from high blood sugar and can barely concentrate. As of now, I am starting to see that he is struggling with health complications from his diabetes that he has had for about 25 years now. The diabetes has taken a toll on his body with some nerve damage that affects his feet and possibly his intestines. These are the many struggles that Brian faces every day, and yet he also must endure being on probation and the sex offender registry, even though he is innocent. It is my hope for him that he will soon be exonerated of this terrible charge, but if not, I hope that he will have the emotional strength to carry on with his life.

For the most part the last year has been really calm for us, and we have enjoyed working on decorating our new home and working on some home improvement projects. Brian has really enjoyed his big apartment and going off on trips last year

or to go out hiking. We were able to take a three day vacation with a friend, a two day trip with my sister, a three day trip to the beach with my parents, visit with my dad and some other one day trips to the mountains last year. This past year it is starting to feel like our lives are getting a little bit back to normal, and we are so appreciative for our new home. There have been some big changes in our lives ever since the 2012 police raid on our home. Somehow through all of these destructive storms that just rolled through our lives and left so much damage in their wake, we managed to make a better life for ourselves. We just kept taking those lemons that were given to us and made sweet southern lemonade from them. We would not let this destroy us, and we would not give up hope. We just keep marching onward from one storm to the next in the hopes that we will endure anything that life has to throw at us. Together we will survive and make our lives the best that it can be.

In 2012, we were living in a HUD home, and barely getting by due mostly to the results of the Great Recession that started in December 2007 but had left its mark in the inflation of prices afterwards. In just four years, we went from a HUD home to owning a huge triplex, and it just boggles my mind on how many wonderful changes that have taken place from something so horrible. Our life has become a paradox in that it took something so awful to facilitate great changes in our lives that are so terrific and joyful. Our lives have become like an analogy of the ancient Greek myth of the Phoenix bird that was raised out of its own ashes to be reborn. We burned in a fiery furnace that tormented us day and night in the depths of a living hell, but we have risen from our ashes like smoke ascends up from a fire, and we have been reborn anew. We still have HOPE.

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### **Brian's Grandpa's Notes about Brian**

I am Brian's step Grandfather. I am married to Brian's maternal Grandmother. Brian and I first met when he was 10 years old. His Grandmother told me about Brian's Autism and Diabetes, but for several months when I was around Brian, he seemed like a normal 10 year old to me. After Brian got used to me, and started trusting me around his Grandmother, I could see the Autism that she was telling me about. My knowledge of Autism had been very limited. I only knew what I had heard and read, and believed that autistic individuals kept to themselves, never spoke, kept everything locked inside, and in certain areas were very smart. Brian did not fit the non-verbal category at all, he could talk for hours, but I also found out that is how some autistic individuals react.

I could tell Brian was an above average child. He and I used to play board games, and it seemed like he always won. Later, I discovered that he was very good with computers. I was amazed at how well he was at creating his own web pages.

My wife and I wanted to start our own family web sites but didn't know a lot about what we needed to do. If we would ask Brian to show us how to do anything on the computer, he went through it so fast we couldn't keep up with him. One day when he was visiting us, I had started trying to create our server, so I asked Brian if he could help. He took over and in a few minutes he had it ready for the web pages. What was so astounding to me was after he finished, his mother checked his blood glucose level, and it was above 500. He had done all this while his glucose level was extremely high, and he had never shown any indication that he was even feeling bad. I was very impressed. He was very knowledgeable about computers, but that doesn't mean he would be able to hack one. He often had problems with his computer because he refused to put anti-virus software on it. He said it slowed the computer down too much. He constantly had to restore his computers because of getting viruses on them. That just made him fight the viruses even more.

It was evident that he was a fighter when he was sued by Righthaven for copyright infringement. He had copied one photo and displayed it in a news article on his web-site. He didn't know there was anything wrong with doing that, and the

majority of individuals wouldn't think there was anything wrong with it either. They did refer their photo to what they thought was the original web site, but it looks like this site was set up for that purpose because the original photo was in another newspaper. After he got the call from a reporter in Las Vegas asking him for a comment about the law suit, and discovering that it was actually true, he started to fight against Righthaven, and in the end proved what kind of organization Righthaven was. They had many lawsuits for copyright infringement based on one photo, and Brian managed to bring that out for everyone to see how they were using the law to make money for themselves.

We were present when the police showed up to serve their search warrant against Brian and his mother. They kept calling Brian in the house by himself even after his mom told them he had autism and brittle diabetes. The Chief of Police kept telling Brian to "fess up, because if you didn't do it, the only other one in this house is your mother, and we don't believe she did it." After an hour or so of searching the computers in the house, one of the officers told me that they found child porn on his computer. I told him I did not believe he had done it, and to this day I don't believe he did anything wrong. We were allowed to view the discovery files after his Court appearances, and discovered Child Porn had been downloaded for about 11 months **after** his computers had been confiscated by the Police. It would be interesting to find out who was downloading the Child Porn for all that time, or was it some type of virus that kept downloading it? I have never seen Brian show any interest at all in children. He is just the opposite. He wants them to go away when they are near him. He would rather take pictures of buildings and landscapes without anyone in them. I believe he stepped on someone's toes the wrong way, and they set him up. On the day they served the search warrant he had been fighting some type of virus on his computer, and he said it had been happening for several days.

Brian has had many battles with his illnesses through the years that I have known him. I have seen him have a seizure and be taken to the hospital by an ambulance, and bounce back from it on the following day so that you would not have known anything had happened to him the day before. I have seen him having some type of insulin reaction where his entire body stiffens, and it's hard to get him to respond to anything or to sit down to treat the insulin reaction. I observed the way

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he managed his web-site, and treated it as more of a job than a hobby. He was constantly making changes to it to try to make it as professional looking as he could. He was and still is a fighter, constantly telling us he wants to make the world a better place to live, and fight injustice throughout the world. I admire the things he has accomplished in his life and hope for the very best for him and his mom.

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### **My Mom's Notes about Brian**

My grandson has always been a fighter. When my daughter was pregnant, she almost lost him in her third month and was put on bed rest for a while, then two months before her baby was due, we got a call that she was in the hospital in Daytona Beach, FL. I was out of town that day visiting my mother & family who lived an hour from where we lived. When I got back home, I found out that she was at work that day (an office job) and started having labor pains. She and her husband went to the hospital in New Smyrna Beach, FL where we lived. The hospital sent her by ambulance to the hospital in Daytona Beach, FL. I went to that hospital to visit her when we found out that the hospital in Daytona Beach was not equipped for this complicated birth either, so the next day they were sent by ambulance to the Arnold Palmer Hospital in Orlando, FL.

They tried for 3 days to stop the labor while they were feeding her many powerful medicines, so if they couldn't stop the labor, at least this baby would have a chance of living. They thought he would be put under a machine for a while for breathing if he even survived. After being in this hospital for three days and while his aunt, uncle and cousin who had just been born less than 2 months before this were traveling from Arizona to Florida to be with him and his mom, he was born weighing 3 pounds and 13 ½ ounces. I was impressed at what I saw. This tiny baby was looking around the room in amazement and breathing on his own. He had to stay in the hospital a couple of weeks after his mom left, and it was an hour traveling each day to visit him.

He continued doing well. He and his parents moved to North Carolina. His dad abandoned his family when Brian was a year old and left them with no money or car. We went to Charlotte and picked up our daughter, grandson, his crib and their clothes. His dad had sold anything of value, and that was all they had left. They moved in an apartment with us (Brian's grandparents). We later bought a mobile home which was supposed to belong to them after his mom got a job, and we had it moved to a rental lot near Greensboro, NC. I had been working but had become disabled. My daughter would borrow my car during Brian's naps and go look for a job. My grandson was healthy and doing well. My daughter found a job and a

wonderful day care for Brian who was now 20 months (18 months according to when his real birth should have been). Day care said he had to have all of his shots, so we took him to the health department where he received many vaccinations. After that we noticed changes in him. When we would call his name, he wouldn't hear us. We thought he was going deaf. Then he started walking like a drunken person and kept falling. He was now thirsty all the time, holding a drinking cup and drinking water constantly. After a few visits to the doctor's office and a trip to the emergency room, they could find nothing. Then one day, he was going in and out of consciousness. My daughter got him to the doctor's office early that morning, and the receptionist said that he did not look like the baby she saw in there a couple days ago. They sent him and his mom to the emergency room in Greensboro, NC, and I followed the ambulance.

They found out at the hospital that he had type 1 diabetes, and when they tested his blood glucose, it registered at over 1000. He spent a week in the hospital, and my daughter was trained how to do blood tests and give insulin shots and what his & her life style would now be like in every aspect, foods he would eat, his exercise routine, etc. I called the new day care to tell them what had happened, and they said they were not equipped to handle a toddler with type one diabetes. I called about 10 more day cares and was told the same thing. We really don't know how many babies who had become diabetic at that age who died because no one thought to check their blood glucose level. Since 1992, that has changed, and now day cares actually have babies who are diabetic in the day care. I think the medical people learned some things from our experience. I told my daughter that she and I both needed to apply for disability. I needed to have surgery and needed insurance to do that, and she was unable to work at the time because her son required full care from his mom, no day cares were equipped for this, so she would not be able to work on a job outside of the house at this time.

My grandson had been home from the hospital a few days when we heard him making a strange noise in his bedroom. We went in his bedroom and found him having a full seizure. We didn't know what to do, but my daughter figured his blood glucose had gone way down from the insulin shot, so we put some juice in his training cup, and she gave him the juice. I videotaped this. It happened another time, and while this was happening, my daughter was fighting for full custody of

her son. We took him to the doctor and told the doctor he was having seizures. The doctor informed us that we were not medical people and could not diagnose. That was the last time we visited that doctor. His diabetic doctor made an appointment for him to see a neurologist. We took the video tape to the neurologist who told us that they were seizures related to his diabetes and that his mom did the right thing to get the juice in him. From there he was evaluated further, and we found out he had PDD (Pervasive Developmental Disorder – which is a form of autism). We learned later that his hearing was normal.

He was approved for disabilities from the time he was first diagnosed in the hospital as a type 1 diabetic and with the back pay, my daughter found a nice used mobile home on a rented lot and got a used car. He went into a special pre-school for disabled students with a marvelous teacher. His evaluation before starting kindergarten by TEACCH (was that he had ASD (Autism Spectrum Disorder) and could later be diagnosed with mental retardation. That part never happened because Brian is extremely smart. The public kindergarten class was not fully equipped to handle a child with severe diabetes, seizure history and autism, so they required that he go to the hospital for a complete evaluation, training on how to deal with his special problems, and they insisted on a one-on-one assistant the entire time he was in the school system through the community alternative program for disabled children to keep him in school.

He spent a month in Amos Cottage in the Brenner Children's Hospital in Winston Salem, NC when he was 5 years old. Many school problems through the years and with the start of a school which did not provide soap, paper towels or toilet paper in the children's rest room added even more problems for Brian and his mom. This was in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade, and the county moved him to a school closer to his house, and all students had to go to the principal's office to get these supplies. We now had a new problem, and this is called "OCD". Brian is diabetic with having finger pricks done several times a day which requires warm water, soap and paper towels to clean before and after, plus he has special snacks through the day which require washing hands before and after. When his glucose is up, there are many trips to the bathroom. Then there is the autism where he has to stay on routine and cleanliness and fighting germs was his routine from the time he was a baby. When we found this out from Brian's complaints, we asked to have a special meeting



with the school, and my husband went in the bathroom and found no soap, towels or toilet paper, and we watched some girls carrying toilet paper from the principal's office, we knew Brian would not be able to continue attending this school. Brian was 11 or 12 years old at this time. We reported this to the county health department but don't know if anything was done about it or not.

My daughter got special permission to move him to a charter school in their county which would require longer travel time and more gas money taken from their only source of income, his SSI check. Many times she would get back home and the one on one assistant would call and say that Brian's glucose was over 500, and he needed an insulin shot, so she would have to go back to the school. She decided it would be better to do home schooling, and that was what they did. Life was better without the stress of school. They were able to go on many field trips and museums. His mom relied a lot on the internet, and Brian learned at an early age how to have his own server, how to make his own web sites. He was never a computer hacker. He enjoyed going on nature hikes with his mom and taking nature photos, and his photos were looking more like professional photos. We learned a lot from him about how to take the best photos, like stepping behind flowers to take photos of the river, ocean or mountains. His web pages started looking more professional with some of his photos included.

Then Brian got interested in political subjects and in becoming an alternative news person and having interviews when he was 18. He had received a lot of help when he was younger with some really good teachers and some good one-on-one assistants (He had some bad ones, but it was the good ones who helped him the most with his speech and his social skills, etc.). His mom was always there for him, caring for his needs and trying to find out cures and healthful tips, like special vitamins or supplements, special exercise, chiropractic treatments, various autism treatments, etc. to help him to feel better and to do better for his future. His paternal granddad had been a reporter for the Las Angeles, California newspaper for years and for the Daytona Beach News Journal in Daytona Beach, FL for years, and even though Brian had not been around him since he was 11 months of age, he reminded me of his Granddad Bill who always had a camera for special news stories everywhere he went and interviewed a lot of people.

Brian had an amazing web site which looked very professional. He told me that when he interviewed people, he wanted to make sure everything he printed was accurate and truthful. He had many friends on the internet which helped his self-esteem and communication skills. For him the Internet was like when I was a teenager, I had special friends whom I would talk to about my problems in private, and they would tell me their problems. With Brian, it was the same way, only he did not have any personal friends, so he would talk about his problems where anyone could see on the net. All through the years, we would have normal days and other days where he was totally in his own world, on those days he did not have mild autism, he had severe autism, but a good night's rest and the next day would be better. On a daily basis every day, he is dealing with dangerously low blood glucose problems (some days & nights with full seizures). He is dealing with high blood glucose readings, needing lots to drink and taking many bath room breaks; Autism which comes and goes; some days we can get through to him, no problem and other days, it's like he's totally deaf, and there is no communication at all. Then there is the routine with the OCD where he is washing his hands for 2 hours at a time. He probably spends at least 4 hours total at the kitchen sink doing his hand washing routine each day at this time.

He became a "fighter" for the cause when he found out about the new world order, Agenda 21 & NDAA, and people told him that he needs to get involved and go to town hall meetings educating his town about these subjects. We (his mom & grandparents) went with him in March, April and May, 2012 to his town hall and recorded his speech where he was trying to educate his town about these and had written some papers for the town employees, police and the state senator, and he had even interviewed professionals to write their report on his papers. We were impressed that here is someone with so many daily struggles who is trying so hard and is actually giving speeches. He is interviewing people and has his own web site. He loved the town where he lived and was talking to his neighbors about it and getting a petition signed. He thought it was great that this small town had a state senator at each meeting who was the attorney for the town and thought this person was interested in the people in this state and would do anything he could to protect the people in this town and state, then after he noticed that this senator was not interested in anything he had to say, he started doing some investigative work on this senator and found out that he was like many of the politicians in our federal

government, getting large donations from banks and the wealthy, and so he was more interested in the influential and his own career than he was the people of the state.

Going back a year before he got interested in these subjects and was writing articles on his alternative news website, and he was sued for copy right laws by a company called, “Righthaven” in 2011. We were all shocked at this one. He and his mom were living off of SSI as their only source of income (And I’ll never know how they did this), and now he has a reporter from the state of Nevada contacting him about a copyright law suit, a photo he had used in one of his articles, and he is being sued for \$150,000 plus his Internet domain name and told that he has to go to the state of Colorado from North Carolina to a federal court. The attorney for this lawsuit called him and offered a deal where he could pay \$6,000, and they would drop the law suit. Brian told the cold lawyer that his only source of income was his SSI check of about \$700.00 a month, and he needed all of this money to survive. The attorney told him that they would sue to take a certain amount a month from this check. My daughter filled out the federal court papers as best as she could and sent them to Colorado, but she didn’t fill them out right because we are not attorneys, and he would have lost; however, an author friend of hers told her which newspaper in Colorado to notify about this.

We tried to notify some organizations to get an attorney, but no one would help. Finally, right at the last minute, an attorney read the articles and came forth to help Brian. He went to court for Brian and asked the judge for an extension of time to correct the paper work. The judge granted this motion. The organization “Reporters without Borders” got interested in the case and fighting for Brian’s freedom of speech. We sent proof of all of Brian’s disabilities, and this became public knowledge. Brian’s dad now was here for a little while supporting Brian and got some TV stations to have an interview with Brian. Judge dropped the lawsuit against Brian and found out that Righthaven was in the wrong. All the other news alternative places that were sued were now fighting back. Many before this were paying under the table and signing that they would not publicly say anything about Righthaven. It was cheaper for them to pay the \$6,000 than to hire an attorney and go to court where they could have been charged \$150,000 if they lost the case. His attorney got the New York Times Magazine to come to Brian’s

house and do a report. The reporter came to Brian's house, got some photos and did an interview with Brian. I noticed on the Internet that other countries were writing about this in different languages and showing his photo on their news. Judge dropped all of Righthaven's lawsuits. Brian had closed his website, but then reopened it.

Now back to Brian's small town and town hall meetings. We realized too that this senator like so many politicians really didn't care about Brian's cause, and we tried to get Brian to understand this, move on and put it in God's hands, but his friends kept pushing him to continue his battle, even though none of them came to help. Brian was really all alone but thought he had friends to help him. Our battle here is the same as parents & grandparents who are trying to get their child to stay off from drugs, but their friends are doing it, and they think their friends are smarter than their families, so for a while the friends win. Brian was not on drugs but in a political battle that he would not win.

During his town hall meetings in March, April and May about 25 friends said they would show up each time. Not one of these people did; however, one woman did show up after she heard Brian talking about this meeting on the Alex Jones radio show.

Now it is July 9, 2012 and yet again some people have told Brian they will be at this meeting. We had a very bad feeling about this one (like a premonition or warning from above), but again we could not get through to Brian to stay away. We told him we weren't going. He still insisted on going, even if he had to walk there. He wanted to look the senator in the eyes with a microphone and ask him why he was ignoring the petition that many in this county had signed. He wanted to bring this out in the open for all to see. He went, he spoke at the meeting, then as soon as it was over he went up to the senator with his microphone to ask the question. The senator gave him a cold look and said he wasn't going to answer that question, and the town police chief, quickly grabbed Brian and led him away like he was some type of criminal and told him it was a closed section, even though you can see from Brian's video that the county reporter is still there packing up his equipment, and after each meeting we went to with Brian in March, April and May, we would all go up and talk to the senator and others on the town council

## Jailed with Autism

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right after the public meeting, and we even got some photos of Brian with the state senator.

Brian put this video on his YouTube channel, and it had gotten hundreds of views. I knew the police chief of this town because we also saw him there at each meeting, and he knew Brian from these meetings. After Brian attended that July meeting, three days after this meeting on July 12, 2012, his mom was stopped by 2 police officers and asked some questions, which was unusual and asked where she lived. She was walking down to Dollar General which was a couple of blocks from where she lived. They had lived in this same house for 7 ½ years and had lived in this same county in NC for 20 years at this time. When she told Brian after she got back home, he got upset and tried to get in touch with Alex Jones to tell him and went on his web page asking for help saying, “The police are harassing my mom now” and told his friends what had happened to his mom and said he was afraid they were going to arrest him or his mom after the police chief had treated him like he was a criminal at the town hall meeting three days before on July 9, 2012.

The following month on August 28, 2012 we all got a shock, and at the age of 65, I had experienced my first police raid. We were visiting our daughter and grandson. I kept noticing something strange. My grandson was fighting some type of virus on his computer. He had his own web site for years and had gotten computer viruses before but this one, he just kept working with and wouldn't put his computer down to go with us to Wendy's to get some food. Whatever virus this one was, it must have been powerful. We had tried to get Brian to install an anti-virus program many times, but he didn't want one because he thought it slowed down his computer, and I remember thinking in the long run, he would be better off with an anti-virus program than fighting viruses like he was that day. We were eating our food when there was a knock at the door. There were several police including the same police chief who was in Brian's video. They had a search warrant and made all of us walk out on the front porch where we spent a few hours in the heat, standing then finally sat on the steps while some police were in the house going through all of their things and others were walking around the property. A young policeman was there the entire time with us, but he was very nice and mannerly.

The police chief would stand out for awhile, then walk back in the house, then come back out on the front porch. He acted like he had never met Brian, but kept telling Brian that they found child porn on his computer, and there are only 2 people who lived in that house, and one of them was downloading child porn. He didn't think it was the mother, but Brian needed to confess to being the one. I could tell he was very angry at Brian and knew it was because of the video, and my thought was that they were angry at Brian's political activities and figured a way to bring him down. How can you prove that you are not interested in children at all? (And we knew that Brian did not like children. He thought they were loud with their crying, etc.) How do you prove if there is child porn on your computer that you were not the one who put it on there? Brian was too busy fighting the new world order and upset with a senator who did not care about the citizens of this state to have time to download child porn.

He was also busy interviewing important people like a person who was running for president of the USA at the time and another person who was the 5th great grandson of Patrick Henry, and Brian interviewed many others. He was busy writing articles for his alternative news website and in his hand washing routines which were lasting for hours and dealing with many seizures at this time and his autism and brittle diabetes daily. The thought also occurred to me that these same police could put child porn on his computer because they now had control of it, and I wondered if they were the ones who had put this virus on his computer that he had been so busy fighting that day. It all looked very suspicious to me. Then they would call Brian in the house by himself throughout the next few hours ignoring the first time they did that when my daughter told the nice policeman standing outside with us the entire time that Brian had autism and brittle diabetes. The policeman opened the door and repeated that to the detectives who were in the house searching for computers, etc.

When the detectives left, they told my daughter and grandson to come down to the police station the next day to pick up the inventory. After we thought our family was ok, and all of us were exhausted from the emotions of the day and watching the police taking all computers, even the ones which didn't work and bag loads of things from their house, we left to come home. The next day they were supposed to come to our house. That was our plans even before this police raid. My



daughter had planned on stopping to pick up the inventory, then go to eat breakfast, and then come on to our house. We waited and did not hear from them, so we drove down to make sure they were ok. We found them at the police station. We gave the police our phone number and address in case they needed to contact Brian. Brian told the police about another computer that they had not taken. It was a net book, small computer that we had given Brian, so we all went back to the house while they picked this one up too.

That morning before we went back to their house, worrying about them and thinking that after the police raid, they no longer had a phone or way to get in touch with us or even to call an ambulance in case of an emergency. Would they be eating, would he have a severe seizure? Thinking about Brian's autism & OCD and what it was like for him knowing these police had touched all of his items and moved many of them, how was this going to affect him, his autism and OCD in the long run? Even the police raid itself has affected me years later. Every time there is a knock at the door or someone rings the bell, I wonder if there will be police there raiding our home. We have always our entire lives been good citizens and obeyed all laws, now we're treated like the worse criminals. Our family has been here from the beginning of this country, fought in the American Revolution and other battles. How would they feel knowing how their family was treated that day by the police we had always been taught to respect?

We all came back to our house, and Brian refused to ever step foot in the house he had loved for all those years. He just refused to go back home. We decided that since he was now 22 years old, it was time he had his own apartment. We had bought our home with 4 apartments 5 years before this with the idea that we could each have an apartment, share expenses and help each other. My husband's mother had died, and we thought his dad could stay in one of the apartments for a few months a year and that would help his daughter. That never happened, but my brother spent 2 years in that apartment.

My daughter and grandson told us that Brian had confessed to downloading child porn to the police. I couldn't figure this out. He was never interested in children, never would look at them in our outings. In fact, one thing that always worried me as he got older and taller was when we would go to parades; he would get in front of everyone, including children, so he could take photos of the parade. I knew he

had autism, and this was the reason, but I thought the small children should be in front, so they could see, but never once did anyone get upset with him for doing this. It was like everyone understood. I thought of how when he was taking a photo of something and a child got in front of him, it would upset him. He did not want any children or any person in his photos. He told us that he wanted to get married, but he did not want to have any children because they were loud.

With his autism, sounds would upset him when we were away from home at parks. I was with him a few times in Wal-Mart. When he was younger, he would have terrible temper tantrums in Wal-Mart. We found out through autism support groups that other autistic children experienced the same thing. As an adult, he and his mom go right straight to what they have on their list and are out of there. My husband and I are a little slower and realize that we need to come back by ourselves to do more shopping. If he was into children, he would go up to them and talk to them and get acquainted just like he did with adults he wanted to interview for his YouTube videos, but never once was he interested in children in any way and never once would go up and talk to any child, and now he had confessed to the police that he had done this (downloaded child porn on his computer).

Brian was so honest that I had never heard him lie. He was always truthful to a fault, so I thought that he was guilty even though he wasn't interested in children. It was confusing and upsetting to me, and I didn't want to have anything to do with anyone like this. He said he needed help. He told us that the police told him they were going to get him help, but he wanted to go to the hospital and get help right away, and he kept talking about killing himself, so we took him to a hospital, but they did not admit him to the hospital. Brian did not drive due to his intermittent explosive disorder and brittle diabetes with seizures when he was 16 years old. Anywhere he went, his mom, his grandparents or someone else would drive him there. My husband all along knew that he was innocent and was not into children. He refused to believe Brian's confession. Two weeks later, I knew he was innocent. Brian did some research. Actually, he didn't know what child porn was, had never seen child porn let alone download it on his computer. I have never seen it either but understand that it is photos of doing things with innocent children

against their will or understanding. After he realized what it was, he said he would never do anything like that, and his family knows he wouldn't either.

At first when the 2 police questioned him alone, he told them he was innocent. They told him that they liked his web site and had read some of his articles and became friends with him. Told him everyone likes porn. They liked porn. It is natural to like it, then after a long time of talking to these 2 detectives, he confessed and repeated what they had told him during the questioning. In autism, there is echolalia where they repeat what they had just heard. As a child, Brian would repeat entire stories and shows he had just watched on TV word by word.

Neither of these two detectives who had seen his insulin needles at his home the day before would check his glucose level to see if it was extremely high or low causing him not to be thinking properly and acting like an alcoholic or someone who is drunk. Then after he confessed, they told him that he needed help, and they would get him that help. They were happy to get a confession. Now here is someone who just confessed to downloading child porn, and what do the police do? They let him go; even knowing he is going to another state to visit his grandparents. He was not arrested but allowed to be free around children. Obvious that they knew he was innocent but wanted him off the computer and wanted all of his political research that was on his computers and hard drives. They did not want him on the Internet at all. As far as being around children, he wasn't around any and did not want to be.

Then I learned by doing more research about confessions of people with autism that when people have autism, they can give false confessions. One day on purpose his mom and I started asking him questions. He answered one of our questions, then got upset and confused by our questions. That is why it's important for police and people of authority who are questioning someone with autism to understand this developmental condition and to have a family member or a professional who understand autism to be there.

They got their confession – false confession - but they taped it as fact, and now Brian is left along with his family trying to figure out how to undo this harm. The confession is apparently on the tape, but none of it matches the facts in his case. How could this have happened? How many other times has this happened to others and how many more times will this happen until laws are changed and police are trained better?

## Jailed with Autism

As with Alzheimers patients, persons with autism may wander. Persons with autism may be attracted to water sources, roadways, or peer into and enter dwellings.

### TIPS FOR INTERACTIONS WITH PERSONS WITH AUTISM

- Display calming body language; give person extra personal space
- Use simple language
- Speak slowly, repeat and rephrase questions
- Use concrete terms and ideas; avoid slang
- Allow extra time for response
- Give praise and encouragement
- Exercise caution during restraint
- Person may have seizure disorders and low muscle tone
- Avoid positional asphyxia. Keep airway clear. Turn person on side often.
- Given time and space, person may deescalate their behavior
- Seek advice from others on the scene who know the person with autism

If in custody, alert jail authorities. Consider initial isolation facility. Person would be at risk in general prison population. REMEMBER: Each individual with autism is unique and may act or react differently. PLEASE contact a professional who is familiar with autism.

Further Info: [debbaudtlegacy.com](http://debbaudtlegacy.com)

©Debbaudt/Legacy Productions, 2005



*Please take the time to understand that...*

I might **struggle** to tell you what I **need** because I can become easily **overwhelmed** in a social or public environment.

...

It might seem like I am acting **strange** but the movements I make are probably just part of me trying to **cope** and stay **calm**.

...

I don't like to be touched, most of all **unexpectedly**, so whilst it might be your reaction to help calm me down, it will likely make things **worse**.

...

I am a **unique** human being and deserve the **respect** you show **everyone** else.

...

*Also...* don't take advantage of me. I'm **not** stupid, I'm just **anxious**.



## I Have Autism:

I have been medically diagnosed with autism spectrum disorder. My medical condition impairs my ability to communicate with others. As a result I may have difficulty understanding your directions, and I may not be able to respond to your questions. I may also become physically agitated if you touch me or move too close to me.



Please do not interpret my behavior as refusal to cooperate. I am not intentionally defying your instructions.

(Please see reverse side for additional information)



## I HAVE AUTISM:

- You could have communication difficulties with me
- Your behaviour may seem confusing and/or threatening
- You do not understand my thought processes
- I may be frightened, feel threatened and overwhelmed
- My sensory processing is very likely overloaded

[www.dimensionsforliving.org](http://www.dimensionsforliving.org) ☎ 01404 813021

202700JFD0E HTIMS NHOJ

Contact:



or:



## Jailed with Autism

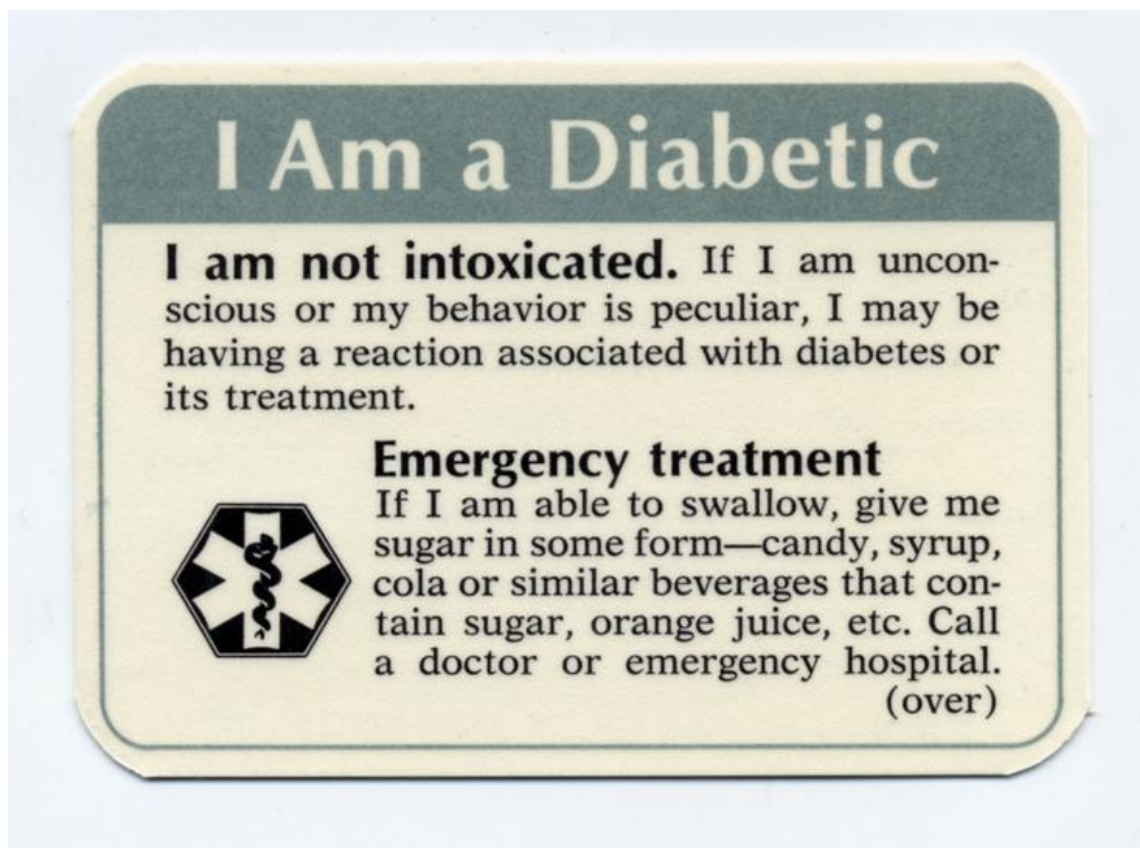
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Type 1 Diabetes - the body does not produce insulin. Approximately 10% of all diabetes cases are type 1.

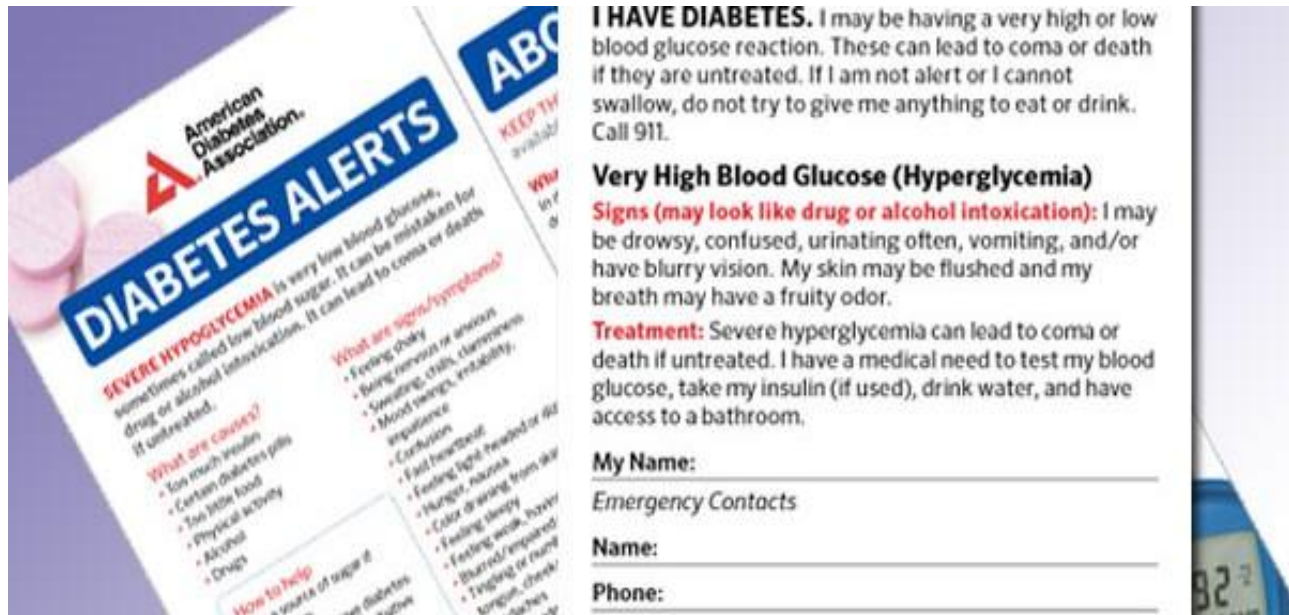
Patients with type 1 diabetes will need to take insulin injections for the rest of their life. They must also ensure proper blood-glucose levels by carrying out regular blood tests and following a special diet. Patients with type 1 are treated with regular insulin injections, as well as a special diet and exercise.

**Brittle diabetes** is a sub-type of type 1 **diabetes**. Brittle diabetes mellitus (or labile diabetes) is a term used to describe particularly hard to control type 1 diabetes. Those people who have brittle diabetes will experience frequent, extreme swings in blood glucose levels, causing hyperglycemia or hypoglycemia.

As you can see from the following cards, Brian's life is in danger every day and night due to his very serious and brittle diabetes. While in custody, his body was being harmed for almost a year from the jails only giving him half of his insulin and none on some days, and from the food and lack of exercise and fresh air as well as no personal care which is required for someone with all of his health problems.







While studying more about how a person with autism can give a false confession, I have found many articles. One of these articles is by Dennis Debbautd and is called **“Interview and Interrogation of people with autism (including Asperger syndrome)”**. **“Misleading indications of guilt.** There will be occasions when first-responders refer a case involving a person with autism for further questioning. **In most cases this will involve an individual who apparently communicates very well and has achieved a high level of independence in the community.** The person may have been found at or been identified by others as being at the scene or possessing knowledge of a crime.

The higher-functioning person through his or her responses, and the unaware interrogator through their beliefs, may become unwitting accomplices to continuing a faulty investigation in the best case or, **in the worst case, to extracting a false confession”**.

<https://www.westmidspolfed.com/media/downloads/interview-and-interrogation-of-people-with-autism.pdf>

<http://www.aele.org/law/2009all07/2009-07MLJ101.pdf>

[https://www.gapost.org/pdf\\_file/autism.pdf](https://www.gapost.org/pdf_file/autism.pdf)

Autism Recognition, Response and Risk Management training sessions will help law enforcement, emergency response, and criminal justice professionals recognize the behavioral symptoms and characteristics of a child or adult who has autism, learn basic response techniques, learn about the high risks associated with autism, and will offer suggestions and options about how to address those risks, increase officer and citizen safety, and avoid litigation.

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**(And “avoid litigation” (like Brian’s false guilty plea which does not agree with the actual evidence presented to the court)).**

### Criminal justice - NAS - The National Autistic Society

[www.autism.org.uk](http://www.autism.org.uk) > Professionals > Other ▼

Nov 22, 2016 - **Autistic people** are more likely to be victims and witnesses of crime than offenders. .... an **autism** spectrum disorder **including Asperger syndrome**, one of a ... **including** a chapter on the **interview and interrogation of people** on ...

<http://www.autismriskmanagement.com/wp-content/uploads/2016/07/Juvenile-Justice.pdf>

People with autism are as different from each other as we all are. They may inherently present behaviors and characteristics in different combinations and degrees. Each person will have a different level of independence as well. Some with autism will have a caregiver with them at all times. Others will live semi or fully independent lives. All may have public safety or criminal justice contacts. You will hear terms such as low functioning autism, high functioning autism, and Asperger syndrome to describe the condition. In most cases, the person will have difficulties following your verbal commands, and deficits in social understanding.

Whether as offender or victim-witness, persons on the autism spectrum will present dilemmas in the interview and interrogation room. Their concrete answers, conceptions, and reactions to even the most standard interrogation techniques can cause confusion for even the best trained, seasoned veterans.

Beyond guilt or innocence, when a child or adolescent with an autism spectrum disorder has contact with criminal justice system professionals, measures will need to be taken to avoid misinterpreting behaviors and characteristics typical of those with autism, as evidence of guilt, indifference or lack of remorse.



## Jailed with Autism

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Standard interrogation techniques can confuse the concrete thinking adolescent with autism into producing a misleading statement or false confession. The teen can become overly influenced by the friendly interrogator. Isolated and in a never-ending search for friends, the teen can easily be led into saying whatever his new friend wants to hear. Left unexplained, the teenager's displays of laughing or giggling, his loud vocal tone, and aloof body language-also inherent to the condition of ASD-could lead many to conclude that this is, indeed, a guilty and remorseless young man. Everything in the suspect's demeanor says so. The ASD teen will have no idea of the effect his behavior is having on a JJS professional.

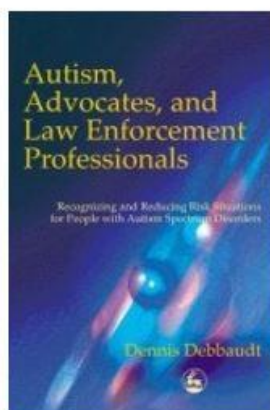
<https://autismawarenesscentre.com/asds-involvement-criminal-justice-system/>

### Police interviews

The police may interview a person about suspected involvement in an offence before any charge is made. The interview will be taped and the interviewee is entitled to have a legal representative present during the interview.

Due to the difficulties people with ASD have with communication and social interaction, police interviews can be extremely difficult. The person may appear very able with a good or even exceptional vocabulary, and there may be no reason for an interviewing police officer to suspect that the interviewee will require any special help. However, the officer may later find they receive blunt answers, the subject is changed and the individual is reluctant to make direct eye contact. The literal way in which people with ASD interpret language can lead to them giving incorrect answers or becoming anxious. All these things may contribute to an assumption of guilt. Indeed many of the key interrogation techniques used by interviewers such as good cop – bad cop could elicit false confessions from a person with ASD.

<http://www.autismriskmanagement.com>



### Autism, Advocates, and Law Enforcement Professionals Recognizing and Reducing Risk Situations for People with Autism Spectrum Disorders

Individuals with developmental disorders are seven times more likely than other people to come into contact with police and their responses to encounters with the law may not always

be socially appropriate. [\[Read More\]](#)

Brian was spending all of his time calling lawyers, trying to get someone to represent him on a pro bono basis, but none would do it. All wanted money.

## Jailed with Autism

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Before and after Brian was arrested in December, 2013 (1 year and 4 months after the police got a false confession), my husband and I called a few attorneys and were told that it would cost over \$300,000 to represent him with no guarantees.

I learned a lot about current federal laws through this experience in the state of North Carolina. When I was growing up, it was “Innocent until proven guilty”. Now it is “Guilty until proven innocent”. If you don’t have the money, you get absolutely no representative. It is said that you do, but words and actions are different. Words are that you will be represented by an attorney if you can’t afford one. Reality is that the federal government is paying this attorney, and they (at least the attorneys Brian had) do not take any information you give them for proof, they do not have your computer checked to see if there is a virus putting the child porn in your computer. You can download an email that has child porn in it or a music file and not even realize you are downloading it. They do not have a professional to check the confession tape that is used against him.

They never once asked us for proof we could have of Brian’s innocence. We were sending things to Brian’s attorney for proof and asking what he needed for us to send to him. He never asked us for anything, never met with us at the beginning or the entire 6 months that Brian was in jail, and when we were asking him questions about the discovery, he told us that we would not see the discovery even though Brian wanted for us to see it. Brian had been in jail for 6 months, 4 different jails, some days he got no insulin at all, most of the time he only got half of the insulin that he was supposed to get. On court days, he was removed from the jail before the nurse got there, and not given any insulin at all, so on court days, his blood glucose level was extremely high, and he was suffering with no relief. We tried to get the disability lawyers in NC to help Brian. They didn’t help either. Autism society and TEACHH told us that the federal courts did not recognize them as autism experts and would not listen to them. We found out we had to pay thousands of dollars to get medical people in there to explain to the court about Brian’s medical problems and how he could give a false confession, but to even do this, the attorney has to get them and talk to them, not the family.

Brian was fighting to prove his innocence, and we were in agreement because he was and is innocent until we got a phone call one evening in June, 2014 and were told that we need to tell Brian to take the guilty plea. He refused to do this again

and was going to fight it. The disability attorney told my husband and me on the phone that they had no defense for Brian. He told us that if Brian had bought a used computer and there was child porn on this computer, and he didn't know about the child porn, he would still be guilty of possessing child porn because this was his computer. He said they were offering Brian a good deal of time served (Dec. – June - 6 months). Brian would have to plead guilty to get out of jail. He said the next day, they were going to be calling jury members, the trial would go fast. The jury would not know that Brian had autism. We would not be allowed to testify. They would listen to the guilty tape where Brian told the police that he was guilty, and they would see the discovery which showed child porn. The jury would find him guilty, and Brian would serve 20 years in prison. We were not allowed at this time to see the discovery or hear the tape.

Later that night his attorney called and told us the same thing. He told us to tell Brian to take the guilty plea, and he would see us early the next morning. We could not call the jail to talk to Brian. We had to pay for a special telephone service for Brian to call us. Brian didn't call us that night. We showed up in the federal courthouse the next day, looking for his attorney. Then we saw him. He was upset and asked why we didn't tell Brian to take the guilty plea the night before. He said that Brian was still planning on saying he was innocent and would end up spending 20 years in prison and would not listen to his attorney.

When I saw Brian in the courthouse, I hollered for Brian to take the guilty plea which Brian did. The next day, Brian was upset with us and could not understand that he would have lost because his attorney that we had thought would represent and fight for him had nothing, did not want anything to prove his innocence. Turns out this attorney was even “better than the prosecuting attorney”, and so from then on I referred to him as even being better than the prosecuting attorney. He wanted for Brian to be forced to register as a sex offender for 10 years and be under probation for 10 years and not be able to be on the internet for 10 years. He totally ignored Brian's autism even though we sent many PDF files to him explaining what “autism” is and how someone with autism can give a false confession. We also sent some documents to the court, even at least one document that explained about autism and how someone with autism can give false confessions.

Brian could have gotten out in 2 months, but he continued fighting to prove his innocence and got the first attorney fired, so the judge got another attorney to represent him, again paid for by the federal government. This attorney was a little better. He at least met with us (Brian's family) right away and told us we could look at the discovery. It looked like one of the big city phone books from years ago and looked like it would take hours to read. My daughter asked if they found child porn in the net book, so the attorney checked the inventory record, and there was no child porn in it. He said they found child porn in his laptop computer and 2 hard drives. I explained that with Brian's autism, he always kept 2 hard drives attached to his computer, even when he visited us or would go to resorts or motels with us, he would have these 2 hard drives attached to his computer at all times. He was always taking traveling and scenic photos in the raw format because he thought the photos were better. These photos took up a lot of space, so he was constantly transferring photos from his computer to the hard drives. He would also put these in our hard drives when we went on long trips and he would fill up his computer and hard drives. These photos would have to be transferred to Jpeg and would not take up as much space. He would save these to DVD's when he got home, then transfer the format to Jpeg on his computer.

This lawyer also told Brian to take the guilty plea, then he could fight the case from home or perhaps get a presidential pardon. We thought it was because he too was concerned about Brian's health. If Brian spent one more month in jail, he would have lost his SSI check. He wasn't getting this money the 11 months that he was in jail. Brian had lost a lot of weight and was not given his right amount of insulin, exercise and good, healthy food. Along with the guilty plea, Brian had to register as a sex offender for 10 years, would be under probation for 10 years, have to attend a sex course with others (even though he was innocent and had never had sex with anyone or raped anyone), have drug test done for illegal drugs by his probation officer monthly, even though Brian had never at any time taken illegal drugs, have to do a lie detector test per year (that should do well for someone with autism), could not vote and was not allowed on the internet for 10 years, etc. Keep in mind that Brian never once had gotten in trouble with the law before this. He had never committed any crimes. He was a virgin on a sex offender registry because they claim there was child porn on his computer. This attorney also told Brian that he and his family could come to his office and see the discovery papers



after Brian was released from jail. Brian wanted to do that and told us if he had to be there the entire day to read it, he would. I dreaded this day, but he got special permission from his probation officer to go to another state to the attorney's office.

**What we discovered in the discovery papers was amazing!** There were several copies of each page making it look like a large Bible or big phone book. Reality is that we read it in a little over an hour. Brian would read it first, hand each page to his mom who would hand it to me and I would hand it to my husband. According to these pages, the state of NC was his victim, not children. During his confession, he said that he had been downloading porn for a year, so the first date of child porn on this discovery was in July, 2012. You guessed it, right after Brian went to the town hall meeting in July and was escorted out of the meeting by the town police chief for asking the state senator one question and put this video on YouTube and wrote some articles about it on his website and on other web pages and after he said the police were now harassing his mom, according to these discovery pages, child porn was **downloaded from July 20, 2012 until July, 2013**. WHAT?? **AMAZING!!!**

Child porn (or items of interest) was being downloaded on Brian's computer for **11 months after** the town police had removed it from his house and while it was in the possession of the police and the state of North Carolina. Records prove that the **police raid took place on August 28, 2012**. Brian was living in another state from August 29, 2012 until his arrest in December, 2013 (right before Christmas), and whoever did the discovery made it agree to his false confession but put the wrong years in. If it had been July, 2011 to July, 2012, then he stopped downloading it a month before the police raid, yet left it on his computer, and his attorneys paid for by our federal government (our tax money) had the proof of his innocence right there, but neither attorney used it or noted the dates and proof that his false confession was not right. They did not find any in his netbook. The dates did not match his confession, yes, a year – but the wrong dates, all set up to revenge him for his articles. Either attorney could have gotten a medical expert to explain about the false confession and how easily a person with autism or diabetes or OCD (or all three at the same time) can give a false confession when questioned by 2 detectives a day after a traumatic event like a police raid and at meal time. A computer expert would have found a virus in his computer and no anti-virus software was

installed in his computer. The discovery itself proves Brian's innocence. They should have had an expert to examine the false confession tape and a medical expert. All of these people will at the time of the end of their life face God with all the suffering they caused Brian and his family and anyone else who was innocent but had no choice but to take the guilty plea and spent time in jail or prison for a crime they did not commit. They might get by in this life, but we all face God with the good and the bad we do in our life at the end of our life. Medical records in jail prove he is a brittle diabetic, that he has seizures; that he has autism spectrum disorder, OCD and the last records clearly states that he is not a sex offender, but they ignored that. They ignored all of it.

Now we have found out if we get an expert to examine his computer, they charge \$4,000 up front and about \$150 an hour plus expenses. It could quickly go up to \$10,000 or more just for a computer expert. If the attorney contacted a medical expert to prove that people with autism could give false confessions or more about his brittle diabetes and his OCD, and Brian's family had to pay for this, that expert medical witness could cost \$5,000 or more. We were told that an attorney would charge about \$28,000 for his 2255. There's no way a poor person is going to be able to prove innocence. Laws need to change.

This is all so depressing to even write about. It makes us feel so helpless, and we have found others in this same position. Just because someone pleads guilty and is on a sex offender register does not really prove they are guilty of any crime. I know anyone can hack in your computer and put anything they want in it. I just didn't know that our laws would turn us guilty when we are innocent, and this has become another form of hell on earth for Brian and his family. I would not want to register as a sex offender when I have never hurt any child and have never knowingly put child porn on my computer, yet this is what my grandson is going through, and why he talks about it all the time for over 4 years now and won't rest until he's cleared. All of his efforts go ignored by all the people whom we thought would be there to help our family. They have turned into our tormentors as they are being paid to help us and protect us, but instead they are trying to turn innocent people into criminals. This is our federal court system, our police, our judges, our lawyers and all the people that are supposed to protect us and our rights as

American citizens. Brian tried to get help from autism organizations, diabetic societies, etc. None have helped.

**Here is Brian's timeline for 2012 with some threatening emails he had received in 2013.** The emails he told us about, but I had not seen them until he went in the hospital right before his arrest, and he gave us his password to get into his email account and his facebook page in December, 2013. After his arrest, we went into his email to see what we could find to give to his attorney.

In addition to writing his articles and giving other interviews and going on outings with his mom & family & all of the seizures, OCD, autism, diabetic glucose highs and lows, this is part of Brian's timeline in 2012:

**March 8, 2012:** Interviewing Dr. Michael Coffman about Agenda 21. Dr. Coffman is a respected scientist and ecologist who was involved in ecosystem research for over twenty years, President of Environmental Perspectives, Inc. (EPI) and has written books.

**March 12, 2012:** Talking at the town council meeting in his home town about Agenda 21.

**April 9, 2012:** Talking at the town council meeting in his home town about NDAA.

**May 14, 2012:** Talked at his town council meeting and gave the state senator his Nullify NDAA petition on camera.

**May 15, 2012:** Brian interviews Elton M. Crisman Jr. on P-Code. He was an inventor that once worked for NASA; he also worked on the Stealth Aircraft used by our Military today. He retired after 34 years from the Aerospace industry working for Boeing, NASA, Bell Telephone Laboratories, and Lockheed Martin Corporation. It was interesting how we met Elton M. Crisman Jr. and his wife. We were on vacation in New Bern, NC and decided to go on a sailboat ride, and that's where we met.

**May 26, 2012:** Brian interviews Virgil Goode in Virginia. Virgil Goode was a member of the US House of Representatives from 1997-2009. He was running for president of the USA under the Constitution party in 2012.

**June 1 - 2, 2012:** Attended his first Bilderberg protest meeting in Chantilly, Virginia, so he could report it on his alternative news website. He was not there as a protestor but as a reporter. He met Alex Jones and Stewart Rhodes personally and others. Alex Jones is an American radio show host and has done a few documentaries and was Brian's hero at the time. Stewart Rhodes is the founder of the "Oath Keepers".

On **July 4, 2012** we went back to Red Hill in Virginia to hear the "Give me liberty or give me death speech" by Patrick Henry's 5<sup>th</sup> great grandson, Patrick Henry Jolly. He is also Patrick Henry's 6<sup>th</sup> great grandson on another line. Brian had made an appointment before the celebration started for an interview. It was a wonderful interview. We were all impressed, and my husband videotaped a lot of it, but Brian was better set up for the interview with much better equipment. Sad to say that before he could put this on his YouTube channel, the town police got his interview along with all other interviews and news stories when they took his computers out of his house. Brian was busy in July and August fighting computer viruses that a hacker had put on his computer or perhaps he opened an email and got a virus. We don't know, but we witnessed firsthand one of his battles where his computer was being taken over by something the day of the police raid. Brian had put his speech on his YouTube channel on July 12, 2009, but this interview was so much better.

**July 9, 2012** – Brian went back to the regular town council meeting by himself and spoke again. After the meeting, he put the video on his YouTube channel of the chief of police of this small town roughly escorting him out of the meeting for committing a terrible crime: Politely & respectfully asking the state senator why he wasn't doing anything about the petition that people in that county had signed, and he was taping the senator's answer which was, "I'm not going to answer that question". Brian put an article about this episode on his alternative news website and on other websites as well.

**July 12, 2012:** Brian went on the Alex Jones' website and wrote this:

## Jailed with Autism

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0 Members and 1 Guest are viewing this topic.

**uswgo**

Guest



**The Police are harassing my mom now**

« on: July 12, 2012, 07:57:02 PM »

I have to get on the Alex Jones Show even for just a 15 minute segment.

He tells them that now the police stopped his mom while she was walking to the Dollar General Store close to their house to ask her some questions, including where she lived. He was afraid that they were planning on setting him or his mom up for arrest after what the town chief of police had done to him 3 days before.

The day after the police raid in **August 28, 2012**, Brian moved to one of his grandparents' apartments in another state. He refused to ever go back to his house or to this small town. His mom had to clean the house herself and pack. Once in a while, I would go with her while my husband stayed with Brian at our house. One time one of the neighbors across the street came over to visit and let her know that he hated to see them move because they had been good neighbors for years. Another neighbor behind them came over and offered for them to stay in one of the houses he owned close to his and their rented house. It had 2 bathrooms. He did not want for them to move either. Another neighbor came over during the yard sell my daughter had, and we found out they too had a son with autism.

My daughter found out that for the first time, she could be paid through a special Medicaid waiver program for the disabled for doing the work she had done all of Brian's life, saving his life through his seizures night and day (We know for a fact, we have angels who help us in our darkest moments, and God is real), making sure his blood glucose levels are good daily, giving juices and snacks during lows, taking him on hiking trips for exercise, dealing with his autism and routines and his OCD, taking him to doctor appointments, to therapy appointments, grocery shopping, cooking for him and doing some cleaning, taking him to restaurants, and the list goes on and on.

After Brian was arrested in **Dec. 2013**, we saw a couple of threatening emails in his email account. He told us about these threatening emails, but we thought it was just a hoax until after his arrest, and when you read them, you realize they are true threats and not a hoax.

**From:** <[johnsnatchz@tormail.org](mailto:johnsnatchz@tormail.org)>

**Date:** Sun, Apr 7, 2013 at 5:30 AM

**Subject:** You better watch out.....

**To:** [admin@uswgo.com](mailto:admin@uswgo.com)

**You better watch out Brian...We are watching you...Having child porn planted on your hard drives and computer was only the beginning and we will set you up for violent sex crimes if you don't watch your back...Have fun becoming a sex offender...Police won't believe you no matter how much evidence you have that you been set up we know some people in the SBI who will make sure you are convicted. You will be shut up by being a sex criminal. Your friends Alex Jones, Dan, James, Sean, Alex, and others are next...BeWare!**

It is dated Sunday, **April 7, 2013** and is sent from a tormail email account. What it says is “You better watch out Brian. We are watching you. Having child porn planted on your hard drives and computer was only the beginning and we will set you up for violent sex crimes if you don’t watch your back. Have fun becoming a sex offender. Police won’t believe you no matter how much evidence you have that you been set up. We know some people in the SBI who will make sure you are convicted. You will be shut up by being a sex criminal. Your friends Alex Jones, Dan, James, Sean, Alex, and others are next. BeWare”! We checked his YouTube account to see if we could find out what this email was talking about, and we found one.

**April 6, 2013:** Brian did a YouTube video called “Emule virus type has infected people around the entire world including America”. The video is very short (1 minute), and Brian wrote: “The emule virus has infected computers around the entire world and may only be one variant of all of the emule viruses that share and download illegal material along with computer viruses in order to set people up for criminal offenses. The emule virus can share any illegal material and can be modified by independent hackers to share and download illegal material. Whoever receives this virus may be arrested and charged with counts in computer crimes investigations”.



**Emule virus type has infected people around the entire world including ...**



[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xyy1wDioa\\_k](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xyy1wDioa_k)

Apr 6, 2013 - Uploaded by USWGO Network

... alternative news former founder Brian D. Hill. The **emule virus** has infected computers around the entire ...

**Then 13 days later, he got another one:**

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**Your gonna get it**

sallysamsong@tormail.org <sallysamsong@tormail.org>  
To: admin@uswgo.com

Sat, Apr 20, 2013 at 11:58 PM

Your gonna get it....We know what your tryin to do....You'll regret ever being an investigative news reporter....Youll regret what you just did....better watch your back Brian....DONT REPORT ANY MORE ARTICLES OR TALK TO ANY REPORTERS ABOUT THIS CHILD PORN VIRUS OR YOU GONNA GET IT

This one is dated Saturday, **April 20, 2013** also from a tormail email account and says “Your gonna get it. We know what your tryin to do. You’ll regret ever being an investigative news reporter. Youll regret what you just did. Better watch your back Brian. DON’T REPORT ANY MORE ARTICLES OR TALK TO ANY REPORTERS ABOUT THIS CHILD PORN VIRUS OR YOU GONNA GET IT”!

The rest is history and now recorded in two different books. Brian is my hero too. I have watched him suffering his entire life and am so proud of him. I do think though that with all of his suffering, this has been the worse: to be accused of something so terrible and to go through what he has gone through when he is totally innocent and unable to do anything to prove his innocence in our Federal court system and to be fighting this all alone without much help. Please, if you are a credible federal pro bono criminal lawyer licensed in NC who after reading these books realize that Brian has been set up and is in fact innocent, or if you are a computer expert licensed in NC who can give us a set fee instead of high hourly fee or if you know of any of these, Brian could sure use your help to get his life back. If you can help him, please send an email to me (Brian’s grandmother) at [Stellam\\_52@yahoo.com](mailto:Stellam_52@yahoo.com). That is stellam\_52. Thank you, and God bless you.

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### Afterword

Brian's emergence into this world was rocky and unpredictable because I started having labor pains two months earlier than I should, which led to three hospitalizations until he was finally born alert and well as a premature baby three days later. During his first fourteen months of life, we went through several moves and his environment was quite unstable, until his dad's departure from our life. His dad was not there for him for the rest of his childhood. At around a year and half, Brian began to become really sick, which led to severe projectile vomiting, a huge loss of weight, bruises and he almost died. He was diagnosed with Type One Diabetes with a blood sugar level of 1,103 mg/dL, and was in Diabetic Ketoacidosis. His life changed dramatically with daily finger pricks and insulin shots. He started having severe insulin reactions, seizures and hyperglycemia, as a result from being diabetic. By the age of two, he was diagnosed with Pervasive Developmental Disorder (PDD) and by the age of four he was diagnosed with Mild Autism. A neurologist diagnosed him with a seizure disorder that was brought on by low blood sugar and Intermittent Explosive Disorder due to his severe explosive outbursts that would occur for no apparent reason at home and at school. As he aged, his autistic routines led to Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, and he developed Generalized Anxiety Disorder. Life has never ever been easy for Brian! This is why he is a fighter.

It's as if he has always had to struggle with the most unusual circumstances, and his life has been anything but normal. His adult life has been plagued by legal issues with a lawsuit and his arrest, jail time and conviction as a felon. He struggled with school problems when he was a child which led to me having to home school him, and now he struggles with legal problems, which have led to probation and the sex offender registry where he is constantly being watched and monitored by the government. He has suffered a great loss in his freedom, which he had so greatly cherished. Little by little the diabetes is ravishing his body with nerve damage that affects his feet, and he is suffering with digestive problems in the form of Gastro esophageal Reflux Disease (GERD) and chronic diarrhea. We all have problems in this life, but he has had more than most will ever have to endure. The worst part is that there is absolutely nothing that I can do to stop his

suffering. I have to watch him go through all of this suffering alone, and all I can do is just try my best to be there for him as a supportive parent and caretaker.

His trials in this life are worse than Job's struggles in the Bible because his struggles have been his entire life from birth to now. If I had magical powers, I would take away all of his suffering so that he can enjoy his young life to the very maximum that he could.

At an early age, he started to fight the New World Order and corruption in the governments of the world. This hasn't been an easy task as you can see from this book where his path led. He has told me that he blames the pharmaceutical companies for his autism because of the excessive vaccines that we believe may have played a part in him having autism and possibly his diabetes at such a young age. I have researched extensively about my rare RH negative blood type, and I found out that one doctor's research led her to the conclusion that the Rhogam shot that is given to RH negative women during pregnancy is the cause for a huge percentage of us having autistic children. I was given this shot about a month before Brian's premature birth. There was mercury exposure from these Rhogam shots in the early 90's which can cause brain damage to the fetus growing inside of his or her mother's womb.

Many politicians are supported by these very pharmaceutical companies in the form of political campaign funds and bribes so that laws can be passed that protect their corporate money making efforts to gain more power within our government. This is in part why Brian was fighting against this corruption as he exposed one politician that he proved was getting his campaign money from corporations and a pharmaceutical company. He wrote an article exposing this particular politician's connection to these powerful corporations. Is this why he no longer has his freedom to speak out about the corruption in the government? Only God knows.

I have written two books now about my son, and the reason is that I believe his story needs to be told. I have been a witness to his entire life, and so I wanted to let other people know about what he has been through. Whether you believe that the increase in autism is caused by vaccines or something to do with an environmental pollution factor, I think we can all agree that greed and power is leading to the worst environmental disaster in our world. Not only are we being

impacted by water and air pollution, but we are being impacted by our bodies being ravaged by chronic illnesses and disabilities which are all on the increase. Something is very terribly wrong with the world! Brian, in part by his young age and naivety, tried to fight this corruption, and his family believes he was setup because of his work to expose what was going on.

Brian has had a life filled with immense pressure and stress that has persisted through most of his life. His health problems and disabilities have shaped his life instead of holding him back. He has found a way to ram through those barriers and obstacles that were put into his life constantly from his birth to now. I see my son's life as being likened to someone being given coal to work with in this world, and how he has worked hard under all this pressure to try to form a diamond out of that dirty piece of coal. His life reminds me of the John Anderson song *I'm Just an Old Chunk of Coal (But I'm Gonna be a Diamond Some Day)*. Brian is taking his old chunk of coal, and he is turning it into something really amazing and beautiful. Brian's coal is being transformed into a precious diamond that sparkles in the sunlight and is the hardest gemstone known to man. Brian was an old chunk of coal, like the rest of us, but because of all the pressure and stress that he has suffered through, he is well on his way to becoming a diamond someday soon. I can see the way he has shaped his life and sculpted his piece of coal to make something remarkable happen within his hard life. As the pressure of the Earth slowly cooks the coal in its oven to form a precious diamond, Brian's life is shaping him to become a beautiful diamond. His life shines within the coal and his soul transforms within the dust of the Earth, and he is becoming a beautiful diamond who reflects the light. Shine on Brian.....shine on.

Some people will see my son as a pervert or felon, but I see him as a fallen hero. He has been an earth angel who sought to make the world a better place despite his own suffering. Albert Einstein once said, "*The world is a dangerous place to live; not because of the people who are evil, but because of the people who don't do anything about it.*" I can honestly say that Brian tried to do something to make this world a better place. He spoke up about government corruption when others are silent. Jesus once said, "*And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.*" (John 8:32) I have given you my truth in this book about my son. Even though we do not presently know who setup my son, I can truthfully say that I

believe he was setup and is innocent. This is why I have shared his story with you the reader, and by sharing his story I do feel free as Jesus told me I would be.

This experience is not just about Brian's story as it affected his family as well. I would like to say that incarceration of a loved one, whether innocent or guilty, affects the family too. If one family member hurts, then so do the other members of the family. Love is a powerful thing, and it is what keeps families together, despite everything that this world does to tear them apart. I have learned that love is very healing when a family is going through their toughest times. Sometimes all you have left is love, and it is that love that will carry us through our darkest of times. In a world that is filled with so many material things, love is the one thing that is not physical and can be neither bought nor sold, and yet it is priceless. It is worth absolutely nothing in the monetary system, and yet it is what all people seek because it is worth more than anything else in this world. Love definitely played a big role in healing my family through this experience and keeping us together.

This experience has personally taught me many things in my life. For most of my life, I have been extremely shy, choosing to quietly observe the ways of the world rather than commenting about it publically. Brian has taught me to speak up against injustice and corruption. I quietly stood by and watched him for years write his articles about what was going on in the world, while basically telling him that we can't change the world and warning him that he was putting himself in danger. At times, I was even afraid of what he was doing with speaking out about the massive corruption in the governments all around the world. But, when this corruption spilled over into our own personal life, and I watched what was being done to my son, I have to speak up. I can't just idly sit back and observe what is going on. You mess with my son, and you are going to get a mother who fights back. I have to tell my truth now. I have to share my son's story with the world. It's all that I know I can do for my son. I had to find the courage to speak up about this injustice, and I finally have. Gandhi once said that we are a mirror of the world, and I have been mostly mirroring the world's silence about political corruption and with the thought that we are powerless to change what is happening. I wondered why should I talk about what is going on since most people don't. I now know why.

*“We but mirror the world. All the tendencies present in the outer world are to be found in the world of our body. If we could change ourselves, the tendencies in the world would also change.*

*As a man changes his own nature, so does the attitude of the world change towards him. This is the divine mystery supreme. A wonderful thing it is and the source of our happiness. We need not wait to see what others do.” – Mahatma Gandhi*

When the corruption came into my own home and life, then I was forced to see it in the mirror before me as I stared back in disbelief. I wanted to hide from the reflection in the mirror. I wanted to pretend that this wasn't happening to my son and me, but eventually I knew I had to speak up about it because this corruption was personally trying to destroy my son's and my life. I could no longer stay silent just staring at the ugly reflection in the mirror that had engulfed our life. I had to learn to change myself, which meant I had to learn to speak up. As the saying goes, *“Be the change that you want to see in the world.”* If we do not openly acknowledge about the injustice, then how can we make a change in the legal system? I was ignorant before because I did not know much about our justice system, but now that I have seen the pitfalls of the justice system, I need to warn people about the dangers so that hopefully they can avoid those pitfalls. In other words, I have the power to prevent this from happening to others so I have learned that I have to speak out. It is my hope that if I can prevent just one family from going through what we have, then speaking out about it was definitely worth my time.

I have been humbled by this experience with my son, and I have learned so many things. I am honored to write this book about my hero, my son. I hope that you have learned many things, as well, when you read my story about Brian. It is my hope that this book and my son's book can facilitate a change in the present Federal judicial system, and if not, then at least I was one of the ones who spoke out. I can have no regrets.

Thanks for reading about my son's story!

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